

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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WHEN THE CONDUCT OF
MEN IS TO BE INFLUENCED.
PERSUASION · KIND UNAS-
SUMING PERSUASION ·
SHOULD EVER BE ADOPTED ·
IT IS AN OLD AND TRUE
MAXIM THAT A DROP OF
HONEY CATCHES MORE
FLIES THAN A GALLON OF GALL · SO WITH
MEN · IF YOU WOULD WIN A MAN TO YOUR
CAUSE · FIRST CONVINCE HIM THAT YOU
ARE HIS SINCERE FRIEND · HIS HEART IS THE
GREAT HIGH-ROAD TO HIS REASON

—A. LINCOLN

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ASTHMA

THE term "asthma" is sometimes loosely used to denote any form of difficult breathing, but its use should be limited, and scientifically is limited, to true asthma, which is a paroxysmal spasm of the bronchial tubes. Asthma is also to be distinguished from the chronic condition of short breath owing to emphysema, or dilatation of the air cells in the lungs. That condition is permanent and increases on exertion, but asthma is paroxysmal and occurs in attacks of limited duration; in the intervals the person breathes naturally.

Recently it has been discovered that there are two forms of asthma, each of which afflicts approximately the same number of victims. One form is owing to sensitiveness of the mucous membrane of the air tubes, which in turn arises from repeated attacks of bronchitis. The other form is the result of reaction of the system to protein poisoning—or, scientifically, anaphylaxis. Many cases, however, seem to be of mixed character; the sensitiveness of the mucous membrane caused by bronchitis predisposes a person to the protein reaction.

Asthma, or the tendency to it, is often hereditary; it is common to find two or more members of the same family or near relatives asthmatic sufferers. The disease begins usually in early life and, once begun, may last to the end, although some fortunate persons seem to improve as they near old age. An asthmatic paroxysm usually begins suddenly without premonitory symptoms, though occasionally a warning may be given through chilliness, sneezing and so on. The attack is characterized by labored breathing; the difficulty is less to get your breath than to get rid of it. The result is that the lung cannot empty itself fully, and with each new inspiration it gets more air, so that finally it seems as if breathing had to cease for want of room in the lungs. But, painful as an attack is to the sufferer and to onlookers, it is the rarest thing in the world for an asthmatic to die in an attack. When it seems as if the sufferer were literally at his last gasp the spasm suddenly relaxes, a slight cough with profuse expectoration sets in, and the attack is at an end.

Sometimes the attack may be cut short by injecting some antispasmodic drug, which of course must be given by the physician; but the main thing is to discover the cause, which in fully half the cases is taking into the system by swallowing or inhaling some protein substance—food, emanations from animals, the pollen of plants, dust from feather pillows and so forth. Once the cause is discovered, the sensitiveness to it may be overcome by a specially-prepared vaccine.

A WOMAN'S POSTSCRIPT

DO all wives open their husbands' letters? Was Harry's mother only taking precautions that any woman should take, or was her daughter-in-law a special offender and as such especially sensitive on the subject? We leave that to our readers to settle. This is the story as the Argonaut reports it:

"Harry, dear!" exclaimed little Mrs. Simpson to her husband. "I have b-been d-dreadfully insulted!"

"Insulted! By whom?"

"B-by your mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away!"

Flora dried her tears. "I'll tell you all about it," she said. "A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's writing, so I-I opened it."

"Of course," said Harry.

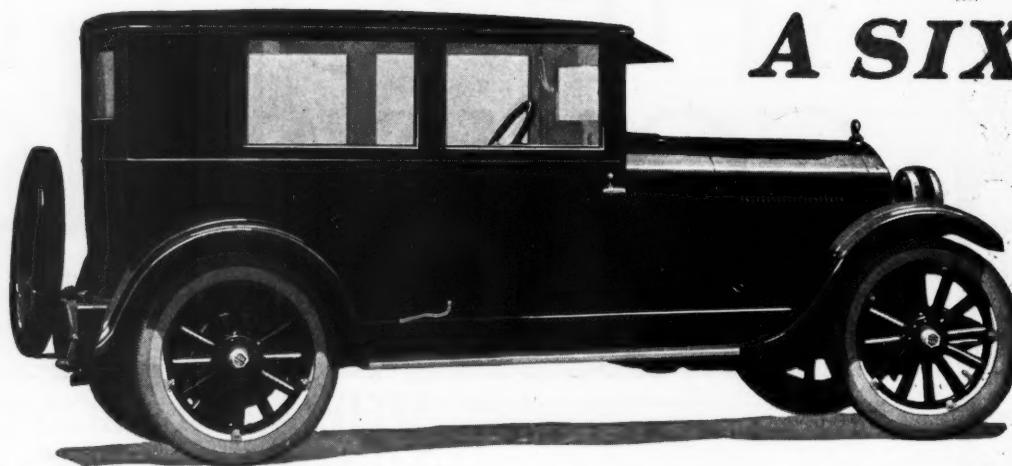
"It—it was written to you all through. Do you understand?"

"I understand. But where is the insult?"

"In the p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears. "It s-said, 'D-dear Flora, d-don't fail to give this l-letter to Harry. I w-want him to have it.'"

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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THE GIFT OF THE RIVER

In Two Parts - Part One

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Pyle, who was braiding rugs in her little house on Pyle's Island, finally permitted herself to go to the door to look across the river for her son Jonathan. Just after dinner Jonathan had rowed to the shore half a mile away for the newspaper and a few supplies and for a bit of conversation with his friends in Simms's store.

There had been three days of heavy rain, and there was now a promise of more in the thick gray clouds. Jonathan was a bachelor forty years old who in his mother's estimation erred, if he erred at all, on the side of carelessness rather than on the side of recklessness. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pyle had thought well to give him warning. Both she and Jonathan spoke habitually in short sentences; for persons so thoroughly in accord few words sufficed.

"It'll rain."

"Looks that way."

"You can bring me some thread and borrow me a book from the preacher's wife. I wrote the number of the thread on this paper."

Jonathan put the paper into his pocket. "River's high," he said.

"Tis so," answered his mother.

Together the two had gone out to the porch and peered into the mist. The little house, which fronted the mainland, had between it and the river a plot of grass that was always carefully tended and that was now its first brilliant April green. To the right toward the north, entirely hidden in the mist, stood a little stable which sheltered the cow and an old horse and against which leaned a little chicken house. Beyond the stable stood a thick growth of tall, slender trees. To the left of the little house and running perhaps an eighth of a mile down to the southermost tip of the island lay the arable land upon which Jonathan raised fine crops. Behind the house the land dropped sharply to the great river, now flowing without a sound to indicate its mighty force.

As Jonathan's spare figure disappeared into the gray wall Mrs. Pyle had called a cheerful good-by. Then she added an admonition to "look out for Sally." Sally was a maiden lady, supposed by Jonathan's mother to cherish a secret desire to capture him. Jonathan had answered with a sort of humorous snort; then there was no more sound from him except the creak of his oars in the rowlocks.

When that sound also ceased the silence had seemed suddenly to become very lonely and deep. Then Mrs. Pyle heard the cheerful clucking of her hens, and from sheer pleasure in their comfortable society she encouraged them, in spite of her sixty years, with a few loud cackles. After that she went into her little house and closed the door.

The stars in their courses had fought against Mrs. Pyle and Jonathan—at least so their friends thought. Jonathan senior had died in his son's babyhood, and soon afterward the dishonesty of a supposed friend had robbed them of the fine farm that Jonathan's father had left as his only legacy. Mrs. Pyle thereupon had quitted her home and gone with her son to live on the little island that she had inherited from her father; her only sister lived upon the next island,

and for a while they had visited each other frequently. Jonathan grew daily into greater stability of character. When he ceased to go to school on the mainland he began to cultivate the rich island soil, and gradually a fund accumulated in the bank. Mrs. Pyle felt that she had had great sorrows, but that she had had greater blessings, and it was upon those that she compelled her mind to rest.

Mrs. Pyle had now, it is true, one source of grief. She could no longer visit her sister, nor could her sister, who was bedridden with rheumatism, come to see her. Mrs. Pyle had grown up on the river; oars were to her hand as familiar as reins to the landsman; she had managed a boat with the unconscious ease and skill that come only to those who handle boats almost from babyhood. But two accidents had so terrified her that she no longer dared to venture upon the river. A protruding log, remaining upright in the water after the great spring drive from the upper reaches of the river, had caught her bow and tossed her out of the boat. Securing hold on its side, she had clung to it for half an hour until she was rescued. A second time she had foundered on a hidden and recently-formed sand bar along the shore and, chilled by the cold wind, had sat helpless for two hours until Jonathan, returning from the mainland, had heard her cries and gone to her.

Since then she had been afraid to venture on the water even with Jonathan. She tried to persuade herself out of her cowardice; she thought of her sister many times a day and longed to be with her. She walked often down to the end of the island and looked across at the thick woods on the upper end of her sister's island. Sometimes when

Jonathan was away she went to the wharf and tried to step into the remaining boat. But her heart began to thump, the pulse to throb in her temples. It was probably true, as she feared, that a journey by boat would kill her.

Her terror of the water extended no farther than her own venturing on it. She continued to love the river and the solitude and quiet with which it surrounded her. Her little house stood high and dry; she enjoyed its safety most when the spring floods deepened and broadened the great stream, sending it creeping, creeping up the banks and far out over the flats to the mainland. Each spring flood brought more land to the island, so that each year Jonathan had a bit more to cultivate.

Mrs. Pyle's work on this rainy afternoon consisted in braiding rugs, an occupation that gave her great pleasure. Her nieces, the preacher's wife and many of her old friends on the mainland sent her rags to braid. The preacher's wife was able to sell all the rugs that she could make, and with the money Mrs. Pyle bought through her the books of which she was passionately fond. It is probable that no Fraxiteles, working in imperishable marble, ever got a greater amount of satisfaction from his product than Mrs. Pyle got from designing and executing the patterns in her rugs.

But this afternoon she could not work, even though the last and handsomest of a set of six rugs that had been ordered was almost finished. The impression of an unusually deep, heavy silence had not left her

mind. She could not hear within doors the clucking of her hens. The cat lay fast asleep before the stove, inert in unresponsive sleep. Mrs. Pyle spoke to her, but the creature did not even lift her head. Wishing that she had not let Jonathan go away, Mrs. Pyle laid her rug aside, rose, wrapped her head and shoulders in an old shawl and stepped out into the mist.

First of all she visited the stable. The hens clucked amiably, but they had not yet responded to Mrs. Pyle's hint. The cow was chewing her cud, as indifferent and unresponsive to human needs as the cat. Old Bill, the horse, nickered joyfully, however, and Mrs. Pyle hurried to the house for a lump of sugar to reward him. She stroked his nose and talked to him for a long time; then she went back to the house and round to the other side, whence a raised walk made partly of boards and partly of ashes led down through Jonathan's fields.

Thinking of her sister and of the suffering that damp weather always caused her, Mrs. Pyle walked toward the southern end of the island. The fields close to the walk were already prepared for planting. Nothing could be done with the lower land for weeks, until the spring floods were past, and the soil had dried.

Of the lower land Mrs. Pyle could see nothing. She had the sensation of walking in an encircling box that moved as she moved. Approaching nearer and nearer the point of the island, she thought more and more earnestly of her sister, separated from her by only fifty yards of marshy land and fifty yards of deep water.

"How I do long to see her!" said Mrs. Pyle aloud as was her custom in Jonathan's absence. "I—"

She did not finish her sentence. She was still on the ash walk and still far from the bank, but she had stepped into water!

For an instant Mrs. Pyle did not move, but stood looking down and trying to collect her thoughts.

"The river here!" she said at last, and then she backed away.

So entirely did the mist hide the surrounding scene that, having taken half a dozen paces backward, she could not believe the evidence of her wet shoes and skirt, but went forward once more. There was no possibility of doubt; the water was an inch deep on the path.

In sudden panic Mrs. Pyle turned to go back to the little house. As she turned she felt the mist in her face thicken into fine drops of rain. The river might rise still higher, but her little house would still be far above it. She laughed aloud at her panic. Why, the ascent to the house made her tired! She had never realized before what a rise there was between Jonathan's truck patches and the upper level of the island.

In her kitchen she sat down and, taking her rug upon her lap, began hastily to work on it. "What a goose I was!" she said. "What a great, great goose! The river has probably been that high before. And suppose it hasn't? There has to be a highest point sometime! I hope it won't come up to spoil Jonathan's work. At four o'clock I will stop and let myself look for Jonathan."

She was as good as her word. She even sang *Blest Be the Tie That Binds* and several other hymns, making a determined effort not to let her voice



By Elsie Singmaster



quiver. She rejoiced that she had reached the complicated border of her rug. When the little clock gave warning that it was about to strike she held her head down with actual physical effort.

Mrs. Pyle compelled herself to sit still until the echo of the last stroke had died away. Then she leaped to her feet. Jonathan, finding that the river was rising so rapidly, would come home, must come home at once!

But Jonathan was nowhere to be seen. The mist had lifted, and the rain was falling heavily. Mrs. Pyle could dimly see the opposite shore. Between her and it there was no boat, no sign of human creature, only the broad stream. She could gauge the swiftness of the current from the rapid progress of branches and boards that floated on it.

Again Mrs. Pyle sought the comfortable society of the clucking hens and of old Bill. She remembered that in times of danger animals are the first to be alarmed. She was comforted to see that the hens were not in the least disturbed, that Mooley chewed her end just as quietly as ever, and that old Bill made it evident that to him a desire for sugar was still the keenest of emotions.

"By half past four Jonathan will be here," she said aloud.

But by half past four Jonathan had not come. Mrs. Pyle again strained her eyes to see across the river. As before, there lay the dim shore with the waste of water dividing her from it. She realized with a shock that the landing stage was covered, and she tried to remember whether it had been covered when she had looked across the river half an hour before.

"But that makes no difference," she said finally. "It's covered now; that's certain. I will not be afraid before five o'clock. I will finish my rug like a sensible human being."

At five o'clock Mrs. Pyle sought her doorstep again and then the stable. To her frightened eyes it seemed that Mooley was restless; to her frightened ears old Bill whinnied more loudly, and the hens clucked less. She walked to the rear of the little stable to the steeper side of the island. The scene that met her eyes was terrifying. The water seemed to flow faster in the narrower channel, and it bore upon its bosom larger freight, a tree, a shed, several boats, and quantities of smaller débris.

"At six o'clock I shall have to think what I should do if anything should happen!" Mrs. Pyle began to wring her hands. Alas, what might not already have happened!

"Jonathan is the best boatman on the river," she said to herself. "Nothing could happen to Jonathan! He will come."

Suddenly her heart leaped. After Jonathan had begun to ship his produce to the city he had spent a few nights on the mainland in order to see the stuff safe on the train. Knowing that he might be thus delayed, he had arranged a signal of his intentions. At an appointed hour Mrs. Pyle always went out to her porch and waited for the flashing of a powerful lantern that was to tell her that Jonathan would not come home. If he could not come now, he would let her know in the same way.

So much reassured was she that she sat down again at her work. At six o'clock she fed her chickens and milked the cow and gave old Bill a double portion of oats. At half past six, carrying a chair in one hand and an umbrella in the other, she went halfway down the green plot and, establishing herself with her feet tucked up on the rungs of the chair and the umbrella over her, waited in the dusk. The spot was twenty feet nearer the other shore than her porch, and twenty feet might make a great difference in her vision.

As she waited she could hear strange sounds, an occasional sucking noise as the water made its way among the roots of the trees and a dull splash as rocks or masses of earth slid into the stream. Behind her in the stable old Bill whinnied more and more loudly. But the sounds came only dimly to Mrs. Pyle's ears. As she strained her sense of sight to the utmost keenness the opposite shore faded entirely away; the river came suddenly to be felt rather than seen, and the watched-for darkness was at hand.

Then Mrs. Pyle cried out. The light was there! It moved round and round and up and down in wild parabolas.

"I'm all right," screamed Mrs. Pyle as if Jonathan could hear. "I'm all right, Jonathan dear! Stay right where you are!"

For ten minutes Mrs. Pyle watched the consoling sight; then she determined to return to the house. The rain had ceased.

Probably Jonathan would wave his lantern for half an hour, her heart swelled at the thought of Jonathan's steady, satisfying affection!

Lowering her feet from their cramped position, Mrs. Pyle experienced again the shock of the afternoon. Her shoes and skirt dripped water! The river had reached her! Leaving her chair behind her, she ran back to the house, and again she thanked God for the rise up which she painted. Her house was safe; of that there was no question. It was of stone, low set, deep anchored; it could not wash away. But she was alone in the midst of the waters, and there was no hope of Jonathan's coming; it was night, and daylight was many hours away.

At that moment she remembered that there were living creatures dependent upon her. Lighting her lantern with trembling hands, she sought the stable. Here now at last was unmistakable alarm. The chickens were squawking; old Bill called steadily, and the stolid cow had begun a low, uneasy mooing.

"I don't know what to do with you!" cried Mrs. Pyle.

But her fright had not deprived her of resourcefulness. In the wall of the chicken house there was a little window through which in summer the chickens often mounted to a tree in which they preferred to roost. Mrs. Pyle removed the sash and watched them as they flopped upward; the promptness of their flight was ominous.

Blanketing old Bill, she led him to the porch and fastened him to one of the four pillars. Then blanketing the cow, she led her to another.

"Now you're as high as I am," she said. "If you go, I go; and if I go, you go."

Back in her kitchen Mrs. Pyle made herself a cup of strong coffee and sat herself down with her rug. "I will make these three rows wider than I intended," she said doggedly. "That will take me all night. If I go, I go awake."

For a long time Mrs. Pyle worked without lifting her head. Then several times in rapid succession she went to the door. There was nothing to be seen except old Bill, who stood with his head lifted, and Mooley, who tugged uneasily at her halter. Beyond was blackness, unbroken, fearful. Mrs. Pyle determined that she would look out no more, since the blackness and the wail of the rising wind only deepened her dreadful fear. Again she sat down at her work.

About midnight, after having acted so wisely, Mrs. Pyle did a foolish thing. She had finished her rug, having forgotten her intention to enlarge it, and, looking round hastily for something to do to occupy her mind, she let her gaze rest upon a book in the bookcase above the old secretary. It was the bright color of the binding that first caught her attention. Among other stories in it was the story of a woman trapped in a flood.

Even as she took the book down she knew that she ought not to open it, that she ought to start another rug, or rip the one she had finished and weave it over or begin to make a batch of bread, or do anything in the world rather than read the story. Or, if she must read it, she should read it through to its happy ending. But Mrs. Pyle read what she ought not to have read and stopped when she ought not to have stopped. She read of the poor woman who was carried away, of the hunger of her tiny baby, deprived of its food by its mother's terrible

fright, of her taking refuge from her floating house upon a great tree with her baby in her arms, of the dreadful thoughts that oppressed her during her fearful journey. The whining of the dog, the whistling of the wind, the bellowing of cattle carried on the flood, the bleating of sheep, the screaming of birds—Mrs. Pyle heard them all!

Then she closed the book. After a long time she rose and went to the door. She tried to remember verses from her Bible about "the hollow of his hand" and about the Lord's being her shepherd. She wished, oh, so desperately! that she had read her Bible instead of the story.

Stumblingly she rose, opened the door and looked out. Like the poor woman in the story she saw a watery landscape, now fully revealed under a moon that seemed to be flying. The great sea extended to within twenty feet of her door; upon its dark gray bosom were thousands of little silvery ripples, and here and there black drifting objects.

From Mrs. Pyle's heart hope and courage fled. It seemed to her that the island was moving also with the flying clouds and the flying moon. She wondered whether the dreadful judgment day had come, and she tried to remind herself of all the promises in which she trusted.

But she could not think connectedly. In the midst of her effort the consciousness of a new and strange peril paralyzed her mind. The moon, passing out from under a thin cloud, shone brightly.

In its light she saw round the house great unwieldy animals. From among them a smaller creature made a sudden, awkward spring to the porch itself. With a scream Mrs. Pyle swiftly closed the door upon it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL MASON



UCINDA SMITH closed the pasture bars and skipped down the road, dividing her attention with difficulty between the new music roll hugged tight under one arm and a piece of a slice of bread and butter and blackberry jam. At the bend she turned to wave a sticky farewell to Spindle still waiting where she had left him at the bars. He thrust out his head and gave a cracked little "Oo-o-o" in his cracked little calf's voice. Perhaps he too was saying good-by, or perhaps he wanted more jam, a fine smear of which extended down his white nose.

Lucinda had shared her slice with him of course. She had wished to share the new music as well. At his plaintive call she hesitated. Still Miss Badgett might not care for visitors at her music lessons. Lucinda tried to imagine Spindle in that prim parlor, fitting in between the table with wax flowers and the square piano. The effort was a strain on even so robust an imagination as Lucinda's. With a sigh she went on alone to attack the blissful task of becoming a musician.

As far back as she could remember Lucinda had longed to play. Her craving first found expression on a comb, since the Smith household did not boast a piano, and, however wild and uncouth the result may have sounded to others, Lucinda found in it a mournful pleasure. Having mastered the technique of tissue paper, she graduated to the joys of a Jew's-harp, sent by that providence which attends genius to nestle one Christmas in the toe of her stocking. When her tongue had learned the nice adjustments that the strange little instrument demanded she borrowed her brother's mouth organ. That gave her a wider variety of effects. Upon it she learned a stirring

THE CHARM OF MUSIC

By Abigail Burton

rendering of *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, with which she electrified the family when the threshers were leaving. Another night her mother traced a sad wailing to its source and came upon Lucinda huddled on the stairs, breathing the Sweet By-And-By over the cold remains of a pet frog, brought up from "tadpoledom" in a wash basin under the kitchen vines.

It was then that Spindle came into Lucinda's life, having but recently come into his own and finding it so small and cramped and painful with no mother to look after him that he was in two minds about remaining—until Lucinda adopted him! He was weak and wobbly and of no particular color and had prodigiously long legs. Still, as Lucinda reminded herself, so had the frog; and Spindle had nice eyes when he began them. Lucinda proclaimed him hers, shook down some fresh straw, got a bottle from her mother and proceeded to bring him up by hand:

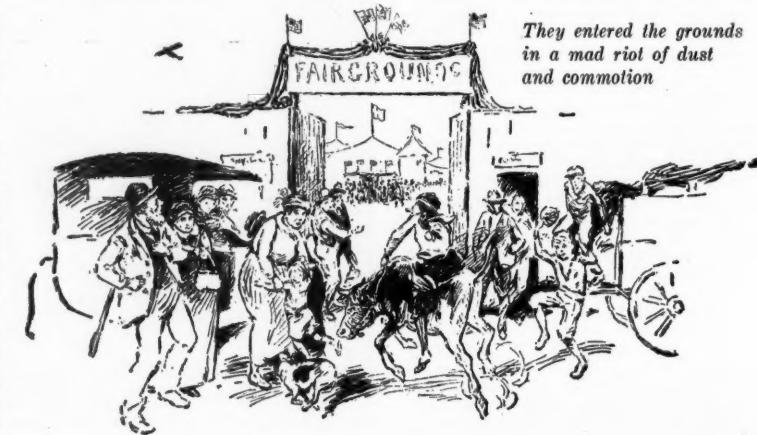
Spindle, as it proved, liked being brought up by hand. When Lucinda appeared with the bottle he would rear himself upon those strange, long legs of his and drink greedily. Soon he followed her round the yard, walking as if on stilts and begging for more milk. As he grew stronger he took up trotting, and, though he made but a sorry show of it, Lucinda encouraged him. She was glad to have him use his legs, for exercise might make them shorter or thicker or in some way more appropriate to his body.

She gave him the name Spindle, not to make fun of those four curious infirmities,

but because the legs fairly stood up and clammed for recognition. They were satisfied with their trotting, so much so indeed that they actually tried capering, indifferent to the shouts of laughter in which even Lucinda could not help joining. But for all that Lucinda encouraged the capering. She saw that the spindles were becoming less absurd and more as if they had belonged where they grew. Perhaps in time—Lucinda thought hard about the Ugly Duckling and went on bringing up Spindle more determinedly than ever.

It was astonishing how fond Lucinda became of her charge. If he had been just an ordinary, pretty little thing, she would perhaps have fed him until he was able to shift for himself and then have turned him into the pasture with the other calves, gratified that he had done so well, and so dismissed him from her mind. But Spindle was different. When the legs stopped seeming queer Lucinda noticed that his coat was coming up handsomely; and he had nice eyes and a nice nose and nice ears as well—except in one particular.

Lucinda was still fond of tunes, and by some miracle of trade the mouth organ had been transferred from her brother's pocket to her own. But, whereas the other calves looked up mildly and went on chewing or flicking flies when she tried to play on it in the pasture, Spindle tossed his head and kicked up his heels and stopped only when



They entered the grounds in a mad riot of dust and commotion

the remotest fence brought him up with a bang.

Yet Spindle was fond of Lucinda. Whenever she appeared he came hurrying and put his nose into her hand or into her pocket, snuffing to make sure whether by any chance she had brought him something good; and he looked at her—his eyes were more than nice, Lucinda decided; they were truly beautiful—as if he remembered all that she had done for him. Yes, Spindle loved Lucinda, and, though only calf love, it was the best he had to offer and by no means to be despised.

But the mouth organ! It is hard indeed to have your two favorite achievements so utterly out of accord. Lucinda was learning tunes rapidly, for as Spindle required less time she put more upon the mouth organ. The better she played the more she wished for an audience. How pleasant it would have been to sit in the shady pasture, executing Old Black Joe or some other innocent, while Spindle showed his appreciation by licking up his sugar with as little noise as possible, fixing upon her meanwhile his soft and dreamy gaze! Spindle's dreams, alas! swiftly changed to frenzy, and the pasture bars against which he charged were none of the stoutest.

It was all disappointing when Lucinda wanted so much to take lessons on a real piano and to learn really to play! But lessons cost money! She sighed and proceeded with great firmness combined with artifice to go over Spindle with the curry comb.

When the currying was finished Lucinda slipped off the halter and regarded her protégé with a critical eye. His coat was decidedly handsome; so was his head and the way he held it; and as for his legs, they were no longer curious, but exactly what legs should be. Lucinda recalled her faith in the Ugly Duckling and nodded with satisfaction; then with a great burst of excitement she realized that Spindle was by far the finest calf in the pasture! They were good calves too, well above the ordinary. If Spindle out-classed them all, why, perhaps—perhaps—

A tremendous hope began to take shape in Lucinda's breast. The County Fair (spelled with capitals because of its importance) was approaching. If Spindle could only take the prize in his class! And why shouldn't he? If he could win by a head—Lucinda had almost said a leg—over the other calves in her father's pasture, why shouldn't he win over the other calves in the county? Where was there another that had been as thoroughly brought up as he? And the money meant music lessons! From the instant, she realized that all other calves complacently regarding themselves as possible prize winners might as well have left the county. The money belonged to Lucinda!

Yet when she mentioned that Spindle was to take the prize and that she had decided to spend the money on music lessons her family rose in derision. Take a prize! Spindle! Nothing daunted, she kidnapped her father and led him to the pasture. She impressed him. She made him admit that Spindle was indeed a likely-looking calf, and she received wise advice as to what kind of care would make him still more likely. So Spindle was fed and exercised and encouraged to grow his very best and be a credit to Lucinda. He responded generously, quite as if he had realized the importance of it all. Winning the prize was not so foolish an idea as the family supposed!

The fair drew near. The great day came when all entries must be made. As Lucinda stirred an extra fine pail of feed and started for the pasture her spirit was so exalted that she must perform take her mouth organ from her pocket and express piercingly the fact that there was music in the air. Alas for the excellence of Spindle's ears! Alas for the frailty of pasture bars! A thousand times they had shaken under Spindle's mad rushes. Now at the thousand and first time they gave way, and Spindle was free. Upon the other side he stopped and looked at the fence in astonishment. It had never acted like that before! He was half of a mind to trot back and rejoin the other calves. But still there was music in the air. He took the hill at a gallop and disappeared into the timber.

Lucinda, hunting Spindle, saw the broken bars and understood. Oh, why was she so musical? But there was no time for regret. She looked swiftly round to make sure that he had indeed vanished and then flew back to the house to give the alarm. At once her



family dropped their teasing and came to her help, searching and calling all the morning long over the hills and through the wood, but without finding any trace of the fugitive. After dinner her father decided that the other entries must be put in order and taken to the fair, so the search for the calf had to be given up. Lucinda, however, might do as she chose; if she preferred to stay at home and hunt for Spindle—

"Oh, yes," cried Lucinda. "It was my fault that he ran away, and I don't blame the pasture bars one bit. But he took my music lessons with him, and I just have to have them back!"

Accordingly the rest of the family made ready and set off for town. With great self-denial Lucinda's brother offered to stay with her, but she would not let him miss the opening of the fair; she made him go with the others.

It was with a heavy heart that she went up the hill and again entered the wood. Such a big wood! How was she ever to find her little Spindle? And suppose she did find him; it would take a long time to drive him to town. If only he could have gone properly with the other animals! If only the pasture bars had held till the fair was over! Being born musical, Lucinda felt, certainly had its drawbacks!

The afternoon passed. Even Lucinda's stout heart began to despair. It was so late that, even were she to find him, she was afraid she should not have time to drive him in before the entries closed. There was no use. She should have to give up. Tears blinded her as she turned back toward the house. She did not see a very tired, very hungry calf that scrambled to his feet among the brush and hurried to meet her. It was not till he bumped squarely into her that Lucinda saw him. The lost was found, with the fatted calf taking the rôle of the prodigal! Already he was busy sniffing at her pockets in the hope that she had brought him an apple.

At once Lucinda was her prompt and practical self. She gave Spindle the apple and while he was eating slipped the halter over his head, bringing the end of the rope over his neck and fastening it on the other side. There was no time to walk to town, but Spindle must make his entry! Before the astonished calf knew what was happening Lucinda had mounted his back. Clinging



So gentle in his manners, so mild

like a bur with both arms round his neck she dug her heel into his flank and urged him to start. His first start was backward. Lucinda pulled upon the halter to no purpose. They were plunging rapidly backward down the hill. Backward or forward made no difference to Lucinda if only it were fairward! If only she could make the creature start going the other way!

Then Lucinda had an inspiration. She drew the mouth organ from her pocket and began to play. The effect upon Spindle was electrical. He stopped going down the hill backward. For a moment he pawed the air wildly. He tossed his head and kicked up his heels, and Lucinda clung like a whole bush full of burs! He ran straight ahead as hard as he could while Lucinda pulled on the halter and played with all her might. What she played she never knew, but to Spindle it sounded like Over the Hills and Far Away, and over the hills and far away went Lucinda and Spindle. She pulled on the halter and played with all her might, and he tossed his head but wasted no time. And the way they went was forward and fairward.

When they reached the town Spindle showed no sign of lagging, but he displayed alarming skill at shying at everything they met. Chickens and carriage blocks and hitching posts and pigs, everything that the

fair-goers had left behind them, he shied at with precision and thoroughness. His course was a most complicated zigzag. Yet still he advanced, and still Lucinda clung.

As they neared the fair grounds people made way for them with shouting and laughter. Fathers shooed them along with waving arms; mothers gathered up stray babies; boys flung their caps into the air and cheered. The gates were thrown open, and they entered the grounds in a mad riot of dust and commotion and mouth organ. For Spindle never stopped shying, and Lucinda never stopped playing till they brought up in front of the commissioners' booth, panting and quivering and frayed and "frazzled," but on time!

So Spindle made his entry for the prize, and one of the commissioners who had watched Lucinda's appearance with amazement and delight—he admitted that he had

not laughed so hard since he was a boy—doubled the prize immediately, and another trebled it, and a third quadrupled it! For of course Spindle won! Where was there another calf in the county that could have run the race that he ran? And where was there another calf so sleek and shining and well-formed, so gentle in his manners, so mild and altogether beautiful as he, when on the following day the judges made their round?

That is why Lucinda shared her bread and butter and blackberry jam with Spindle as she stopped in the pasture on her way to take the first of those wonderful music lessons. It was a habit with her, sharing things with him; how much more she should have enjoyed the lessons had Spindle been able to enjoy them too! Still, as Lucinda wisely decided, it was not Spindle's fault. You can't really appreciate the charms of music unless you are born musical!

HUNT THE TAILOR

By Russell Gordon Carter



STAG HUNT, sophomore, had returned to Bittersweet College with thoughts that were both sweet and bitter: sweet because he should be with the old bunch again, Red Lane, Squash Bush, Skinny Beane and the rest; bitter because he, Stag, should have to spend part of his time earning money to pay his way.

But Stag was practical. Flop! Down went his suitcase on the table in the room in Rosewood Hall that he and Clam Baker were to occupy for better or for worse that year. Snap! One strap broken. Snap again! And Stag's suitcase was like most of the others at Bittersweet. Unlike the straps the lock wouldn't snap; Stag helped it with a hammer—he had lost his key. Somehow he couldn't seem to hang on to a key of any sort very long. The first thing he took from inside the suitcase was a new electric flatiron. Then he sat down and began to print on a piece of cardboard. When finished his sign read: "Hunt the Tailor."

Stag grinned as he tacked it on the outside of his door. By that time he was feeling well satisfied with himself. Clever phrase, Hunt the tailor; maybe he'd go in for advertising if he ever got out of old Bittersweet. Clever idea too to make the other fellows' clothes pay your way. He'd charge twenty-five cents for pressing trousers and twenty-five cents for a whole suit, sponged and pressed.

While he was pleasantly calculating his profits the door burst open, and Clam Baker staggered in with his suitcase. "Greetings, Stag!"

"Lo, Clam; here we are again!"

"Great to be back! Say, Stag, what's the idea of that sign on the door? Who's the tailor, and why should we hunt him?"

"I'm the tailor," replied Stag. "You see, I've decided I'd like a little spare cash this year; so I've set myself up as official college tailor. Clever stunt, don't you think?"

"Oh, sure, I wouldn't trust you very long with a pair of pants belonging to me, though!"

Stag grinned. You have to take a good deal from a roommate, almost as much as from a friend.

By the end of the week old Bittersweet had settled down to a life of study. Members of the football squad studied plays and signals behind their books in class. The basketball squad studied the schedule and the sporting pages. And fellows like Stag, who were on no team, studied the dates and initials cut into the benches and pondered their chances of "making" certain fraternities and clubs; for the old college is honey-combed with societies, and certain cells are sweeter than others.

Stag had posted various signs of his craft at conspicuous places round the campus, and before long he began to have results. He didn't earn much of course, for Bittersweet isn't the kind of college to encourage razor-edge trousers and coats with the regulation number of buttons; but even at Bittersweet a fellow must have his clothes pressed once in a while, and, since the village is half a mile away and Stag was the only "tailor" on the campus, Stag got the work.

Then came the week of the glee-club concert. That important entertainment is one of the few formal affairs in the ordinary life of the college. It is held every year at the Château in the village, and the regulation attire is white "boiled" shirt, swallowtail coat with black trousers to match and patent-leather pumps. Any sophomore who wants to be "rushed" into one of the big sophomore clubs or fraternities—and the only ones in the class who don't are the foreign students!—might just as well leave college as wear anything different. At least that is the tradition. Stag, it is perhaps needless to say, was not a foreign student.

The concert was to be on Saturday evening. By Friday night Stag's iron had paid for itself several times over, and his right arm ached. Having pressed the wrinkles from numerous dress suits, he went to bed happy and dreamed of Hortense Clair at the village, whom he was to take to the Château on the morrow.

Stag may still have been dreaming of Hortense the following morning before breakfast when he pressed his roommate's suit, for he held the iron too long on one leg of the trousers. The result was a curious brown patch that promptly yielded under the slight pressure of his fingers.

"Murder!" he cried.

Clam, who was asleep in the adjoining room, awoke with a start and came out of bed with the sheet round his neck. "Stag, you mutt!" he shouted, spying the cathedral window in his trousers. "You've burnt 'em! Look! Look!"

Poor Stag, holding the trousers as if they were exhibit A at a murder trial, backed into a corner as he remembered that Clam had promised to take Mary Cary to the concert. "Honest, Clam,—honest—"

"I certainly picked a poor stick when I picked you for a roommate!" cried the indignant Clam. "Ruined! Completely ruined! And not a store in the village that sells anything but overalls! You're some boy, you are!"

"Honest, Clam, I didn't mean to!" protested Stag.

But Clam, with the sheet still draped round his neck, glared at his roommate like a Roman senator. The case was especially pathetic because Clam was tall and broad, and Stag was short and thin; Clam couldn't very well wear his roommate's trousers even if Stag were good enough to offer them.

"Wait a minute, Clam," said Stag appealingly, "and, say, please don't look at me like that! I'll scout around right after my twelve o'clock and see if I can't manage to borrow a pair for you."

Clam said what he thought of himself for

consenting to room with the "official college tailor"—and it certainly wasn't flattering.

Stag's mind was not on his studies that morning. In history the professor lectured on mediæval cathedrals, and all Stag could think of was the windows. In chemistry laboratory the assistant warned the men not to get sulphuric acid on their clothes. "It makes the meanest kind of hole," he said. Stag knew of something worse than sulphuric acid, but he didn't mention it. In mathematics the first diagram the instructor drew on the blackboard was a triangle, but all Stag could see was the outline that his flatiron had made in Clam's trousers.

After hasty luncheon Stag began to canvass the three dormitories. "Anybody got an extra pair of full-dress trousers?"

Ha! Ha! That was funny! Hunt the tailor, hunting for trousers to wear to the glee-club concert!

"Why don't you make a pair, Stag," suggested Happy Day. "You're just a shrimp."

"I don't want 'em for myself!" retorted Stag.

"Oh, I see; you want to hire 'em out. Nothing doing, Stag!"

And so it went. Stag received many curious and amusing questions and a great deal of mock sympathy, but no trousers. He tried the few stores at the village and had no better luck. Then with a heavy heart he boarded a Bloomingdale trolley in hopes of finding trousers in that town.

Meanwhile Clam, who was in quite as desperate a frame of mind as his roommate, threw all his scruples to the wind, which promptly swept them down the long corridor and out the window. It was then four o'clock. Small as Stag's trousers were, Clam decided to wear them, and effect naturally followed cause, just as Clam had learned in logic. Stag's trousers split open to make room for Clam's right leg.

"Dog-gone!" said Clam. "Well, serves him right," he added, thinking of the old Jewish law. Thereupon he took one of his black socks—he happened to have one extra pair that was black,—cut a piece from the upper part and with it and a few safety pins closed the window in his own trousers. Then, all dressed at last, he set out for Mary Cary's house in a neighboring town some two hours' ride distant. Clam certainly was fond of Mary.

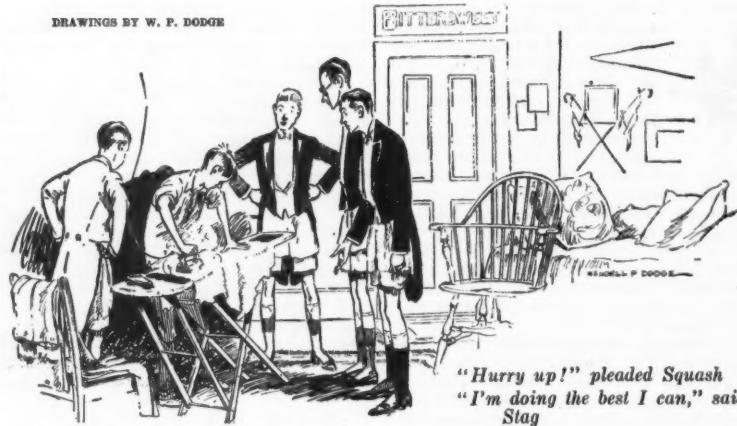
Not long after he had left the dormitory Red Lane and Skinny Beane, just back from the athletic field, came hurrying upstairs carrying their wrinkled dress suits. Clam had left the door open, and they looked in, hoping to find Stag.

"Out," said Red. "We'll leave 'em here till he comes back." And they tossed the dress suits on a chair, where Clam had tossed Stag's trousers shortly before.

Sometime after they had gone Pinky Winkle came up with his suit to be pressed. Seeing the two unpressed suits on the chair, he tossed his own on top of them. Then up came Squash Bush and Finny Finlayson with their dress suits. They left them on top of the others and with a disparaging remark on Stag's way of conducting a tailor shop hurried off to supper.

Shortly after they were gone the wind, which had blown Clam's scruples down the

DRAWINGS BY W. P. DODGE



"Hurry up!" pleaded Squash
"I'm doing the best I can," said Stag

of eight," he protested. "I never can press five suits and also my own in time."

"We don't care about yours!" said Finny brutally. Football is said to make a man brutes.

"All right," said Red, who was last in line, "just press the pants then."

While Stag's iron was heating the others hurried to their rooms and got into their "boiled" shirts, pumps and collars. Then in that economic condition of dress they reassembled in Stag's room.

Now Stag was not an expert. It was ten minutes past eight before he had Finny's trousers pressed. Damp and warm as they were, Finny seized them and put them on; then he got into his coat and rushed from the room. As Stag went to work on Squash's trousers they could hear Finny's footbeats below as he ran down the gravel walk toward the village.

"Hurry up!" pleaded Squash.

"I'm doing the best I can," said Stag, glancing up for an instant. The others had put on their coats and were gathered round him in a nervous circle. The appearance they presented with their slick-combed hair, their bow ties, their white shirts and their long coat tails dangling behind their uncovered legs, made him want to laugh, but for reasons of his own he refrained.

"All right, Squash!"

Squash seized his smoking trousers and went into them like a fireman. Down the corridor he streaked,—clump, clump, clump down the stairs,—and before Stag had touched the iron to Pinky's trousers he heard him tearing down the gravel walk.

"Twenty-five minutes late!" cried Red,

Stag managed to do Pinky's trousers in five minutes, and out went Pinky with coat tails horizontal.

Because Skinny's legs were so long Stag required eight minutes to press his trousers; but Skinny with those bean-pole legs of his made up for the loss when he struck the gravel walk.

It was a quarter to nine by the time Stag was alone, listening to Red's flying footbeats. His right arm felt weak and numb. Well, he'd put on some of his clothes before he pressed his own trousers.

The collar tried hard to choke him to death before it allowed itself to be buttoned, but Stag overpowered it at last, tied a bow that looked as if it were ashamed of the soiled collar and went to get his suit from the box. There was the coat, and there was the waistcoat, but where were the trousers? Then he spied them on the chair. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet that prune Clam tried to put 'em on! Yes, and—oh!"

Poor Stag sank into the chair as he beheld the rent in the right leg. After all his trouble, all his work, all his hope, to find that at the last moment he shouldn't be able to attend the concert! He almost shed tears as he fingered the torn cloth. Then curiously enough his thoughts traveled in the same channels that Clam's had traveled in. He thought how important the concert was. He thought of Hortense, the one girl, the only girl, waiting for him, and in less than a minute he had closed the rent with the aid of three safety pins.

It was five minutes past nine as Stag's flying feet struck the gravel on the way to the village.

Only after he had pulled the doorknob on Hortense's house did he realize how upset he really was. His trousers were wrinkled, for he had not dared to stop to press them. Besides, he was more than an hour late, and what would Hortense say about those safety pins and his general shabby appearance?

He was on the point of rushing down off the porch when Mr. Clair opened the door.

"Oh, good evening! Come in; Hortense isn't quite ready yet."

Stag's sigh was quite audible.

"Been running, eh?" said Mr. Clair. "No need to run. Women are always late."

Hortense came down at last. Even in his anxiety Stag thrilled at sight of her. When they were on the dimly-lighted porch he drew deep breath and said, "I—I guess I've got to apologize, Hortense, for the way I look—clothes a bit wrinkled and that little tear there on the side of my trousers—see, I had to pin it. But—but, honest—" And in short bursts he told the whole story. "Is it all right, Hortense?" he concluded. "You don't mind?"

"Why, of course not, you silly boy! But if I were you, Stag, I wouldn't ever speak to that Baker person again! Why, it was downright savage of him to do a thing like that!"

Stag forgot all about his clothes.

The concert was in full swing when he and Hortense arrived. After Hortense had left him to put away her wraps and Stag was standing alone—with his right side close to the wall—he was astonished to see Clam hurrying toward him.

"Stag!" said Clam almost tearfully. "I sure am glad you came! Honest, Stag, I didn't rip your pants on purpose! I was mutt enough to want to wear them, and I tore 'em getting into them."

"All right, Clam." Stag glanced down at the cathedral window. "Looks pretty bad, Clam, all those pins."

"You should talk!" exclaimed Clam, grinning. "You're the official college tailor all right, but honest, Stag, you're the



"Dog-gone!" said Clam

worst-looking man here! My clothes are pressed, at least!"

Stag was feeling unhappy again.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," continued Clam. "We'll just keep out of things as much as possible."

"Good idea," said Stag.

Nevertheless, as he escorted Hortense to their seats, which as ill luck would have it were down front, he could hear whispers and low suppressed laughter on both sides. He didn't dare look round; he didn't dare lift the programme that he held in a most unnatural position at his right side. And after the concert neither Hortense nor Mary seemed at all anxious to go home early. So Stag and Clam suffered. For the sake of appearance they kept apart; and each could hear the sly comments made on the other, and each knew that others were saying the same things about him. What a relief when Hortense said she guessed it was time to go, and Mary said she hated to go but had to!

Round midnight Stag and Clam were talking things over together in their room.

"Do you think we've killed our chances of making anything?" asked Stag dismally.

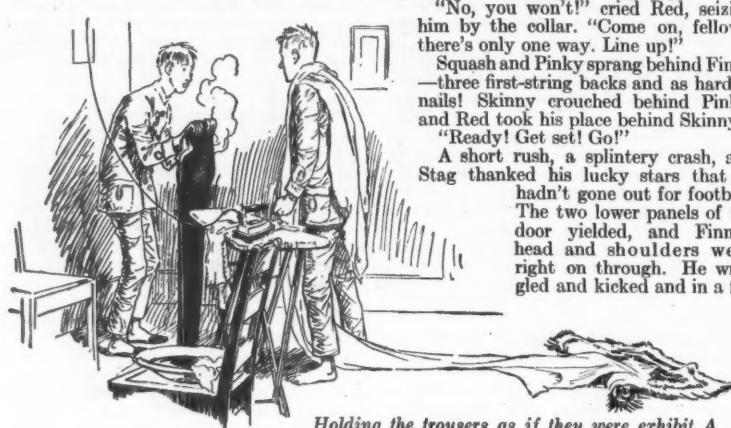
"Can't tell," said Clam. "Queer things can keep a fellow out of a club. You know it's the little things that count at college."

"Yeh, safety pins," said Stag mournfully.

"Say!" cried Clam a moment later. "I tell you what, Stag! Let's start a club of our own! Then nobody can leave us out of it."

Stag's face brightened. The idea appealed to him, especially Clam's reasoning. "I'm with you, Clam!" he said.

And that is how the Safety Pin Club, now the most important sophomore club at old Bittersweet, got its first start in life.



Holding the trousers as if they were exhibit A

corridor, tried to blow the door to his room after them; but the jamb stopped it, and the catch lock held it firm.

Darkness had fallen, and Stag was on the trolley car, speeding toward the village. He had been offered white trousers; he had been offered gray trousers; and one storekeeper

moments was inside. Opening the door, he announced: "All right, Stag; press these clothes. Mine first!"

"Mine second!" cried Red.

"No, sir!" cried Squash. "We'll take 'em the way we rushed! I'm second."

Stag connected his iron. "It's ten minutes

BUFFALO HORN

By Frank C. Robertson

Chapter Two. Hunting for Chief Joseph



CUNNIN'HAM," said Leander, "may be perfectly honest now for all we know; but we must watch him. First, however, we must see General Howard."

"Leander," I said earnestly, uttering a thought that I had been turning over in my mind for some time, "why is it necessary for both of us to see General Howard?"

Leander eyed me narrowly and stopped his horse again. "Out with it, boy. What's on your mind?"

"We ought to keep track of Chief Joseph," I argued. "Let me go and spy on the Nez Percés while you see the general."

"No," the old mountaineer refused promptly. "If the Nez Percés ever git you again, nothin' kin save you."

"But if I rub this paint off and go as a white boy, they won't recognize me."

"Bein' a white is anything but a guaranty of safety with the Nez Percés now, even if Joseph is a purty decent sort of a siwash," Leander insisted.

But the idea had grown upon me strongly. I pleaded my case earnestly, emphasizing the need of overhauling the Indians at once, because the other scouts were on the wrong track and every hour's delay might mean the loss of a life.

In the end Leander reluctantly consented. I knew that it gave him a wrench, for not only was he fond of me himself but he considered himself to be directly responsible to my parents for my safety. It was not my pleading that influenced him, however, but his rigid, inflexible code of the greatest good to the greatest number. My life was of small account compared with bringing the Indian war to a quick, successful close.

"Very well," he said. "Take your two horses and my rifle and be careful. I'll be along in a week with General Howard's soldiers."

I accepted the rifle and watched my old friend ride away on Singer after he had given me a long, hard handclasp. I watched until Brogan, following him, had disappeared. For a moment I felt crushed under a weight of depression, for I had learned to love as well as admire the old mountaineer.

After I had sat there pondering for a while the eager, ready optimism of youth triumphed. I clucked to Irish and started out upon my venturesome trail. When I had escaped Chief Joseph's band Joseph had been on the north side of the south fork of the Clearwater. I knew that he intended starting for the Lolo trail across the Bitter Roots on a route that lay between the two forks. I had learned also that the soldiers believed Chief Joseph to be many miles south and west of where he actually was.

My greatest danger was the chance of my running on Nez Percé scouts, who would be staying behind to note the movements of the army. Though I did not know the country except from Leander's description, I resolved to cut across not far from the north fork. I figured that four days' ride should put me close to Joseph's retreating band, and that meanwhile I should be in little danger of being picked up by the Indian scouts, for they would be ranging to the south. I could also kill my meat as I went along, for I should have to "live on the country."

First, however, lest I be followed from the fort, I headed south, keeping in shelter as much as possible. I was able to shoot a brace of prairie chickens, and I stopped to cook them on the bank of a small creek that was well protected by timber.

After I had eaten I spent some time trying to scrub the paint from my face, but finally, when I had found that I could not get it off, I took some of the pigments out of the bag that Leander had given me and daubed

on more paint. I was determined to be either one thing or the other.

Suddenly Remorse threw up his head with a warning whistle. He was a peculiar horse, as alert as a watch dog and almost as intelligent. One thing too would always throw him into a frenzy—the peculiar Indian smell. I knew now by his comparative calmness that he had not scented Indians; yet something was near.

Picking up Leander's rifle, I crept cautiously toward the top of a small ridge, being careful of course to remain hidden as much as possible. I arrived at the top just in time to see a horseman disappearing into a gulch that led toward the Clearwater. He seemed to be riding openly and without fear, and he was no other than Cunningham, alias Teton Tom, scout, road agent or renegade—I wondered which.

I was perplexed. How I wished at that moment for the benefit of Leander's advice. Then I remembered that I was there alone at my own suggestion, and I tried to reason out what I should do next. Should I continue my journey as I had first planned until I came in contact with Chief Joseph's Indians, or should I alter my course to follow the man Cunningham? Ostensibly Cunningham was out on scout duty, but I could not rid myself of the idea that the man was bad.

Suddenly I made up my mind and, springing on my horse, started after him. The pace he set absolutely forbade caution, and I rode with the uneasy knowledge that wandering Nez Percés might at any moment shoot me or, what would be worse, take me

I swiftly dropped back behind the hill, tied Irish to a bush and then, like a coyote, loped through the brush in pursuit of Cunningham.

I left the trail that he was following and took to the brush above it. Fifteen minutes later I found myself on the brow of a small ridge, and below me was a beautiful little meadow. In plain view on the opposite side was an Indian camp, round which half a dozen bucks were loitering.

Cunningham suddenly appeared on the meadow, and one of the Nez Percés gave a startled yelp. Immediately they disappeared in the timber behind their camp, but I knew that they had Cunningham covered. In fact a moment later there came the report of rifles, and I knew that some of the bullets must have whizzed uncomfortably close to the scout.

Cunningham stopped his horse and made the peace sign. There was really nothing else for him to do, since he had fairly blundered upon the camp of the hostiles and could get no shelter. The firing ceased, and Cunningham rode boldly in. But the moment he got off his horse the Indians seized him, threw him on the ground and bound him. Then they raised a yell of triumph.

I had seen enough to convince me that, whether Cunningham had contemplated treachery to his own people or not, he had made a fatal mistake. Again I jumped at a conclusion. The only explanation I could think of was that Cunningham had been sent out to ascertain whether the story that Leander had told was true and because he did not believe it had carelessly ridden among his enemies. Of course I regretted that the man had fallen into the hands of the savages. He was white, and death would almost certainly be his portion.

I should have liked to follow the Indians and their prisoner, but I thought that such a course would be futile as well as dangerous and might imperil the success of my undertaking. I returned to my horses and changed

country until I again struck the south fork of the Clearwater. Not a track or a sign was to be seen to show that an Indian had ever passed that way. A terrible feeling of failure settled upon me. For some reason or other Chief Joseph had changed his plans and was not going over the Lolo trail.

My first thought was, selfishly, that Leander and I had been thoroughly discredited. We had heard Buffalo Horn say that Joseph would retreat over that route if the plan for a general uprising failed. We had succeeded in making Joseph believe that it had failed and had heard him declare that he would take his people to a land where they could live in peace—Canada. Leander had gone to tell General Howard that Joseph was retreating above the south fork of the Clearwater, and now I knew that Joseph had changed his plans.

I quickly abandoned that line of thought, however, and sought for the reason for Joseph's change of plan. I could think of only one: the Nez Percés had picked up Buffalo Horn and the original plan of a union with the Shoshone tribes had been adhered to.

At that time I did not know that the scouts of General Howard had picked up Buffalo Horn; nor did I dream that I was soon to meet him in dramatic circumstances. Neither did I have an inkling of another powerful force that had been instrumental in causing the great Nez Percé war chief to change his plans. That also I was destined quickly to learn.

Whatever had happened, I felt that the army must be warned before Leander could lead it astray—if General Howard placed any credence in his story. But first I must find the Indians. I still believed that the Nez Percés were on the north bank of the river; so as soon as I could find a place to cross I forded the river and set out downstream. The next day, since there still was no sign of Indians, I killed another deer and roasted it at night. For four more days I traveled fast and carelessly.

I had been traveling close to the south bank of the river because I believed that if the Indians were near they would be on the north bank. Thus I was safer and stood a better chance of seeing their smoke. Gradually the river bent northward until I was west of it. I was now headed straight for the settlements—and still there were no Indians.

Just after noon one day I struck a high mountain, the shoulder of which ran straight up to the bank of the river and made a sheer drop of a hundred feet. There was nothing for me to do except make a wide detour. Not wishing to get too far from the stream, I took the first gulch that I came to and picked a trail through the brush as best I could. Soon I found myself in an almost impenetrable wilderness.

My horses made so much noise crashing through the brush that I became alarmed. If Indians were close, they would surely hear us. Then we came to a veritable city of rocks, huge boulders and cliffs shooting into the sky in majestic disorder. To my astonishment I suddenly came upon a dim trail winding among them. Apparently it was unused. I followed it a way, and suddenly I saw a sort of door in the rocks at the right of the trail. I rode into it and found myself in a grotto. Sheer walls of rock rose on each side to the height of fifty feet, broken here and there by cracks and chasms. Yet the cave was not more than two rods square. I decided that it was an ideal place to conceal my horses while I went afoot to examine the trail and if possible find out what it meant.

I acted upon the thought and was soon creeping cautiously down the trail. Presently I came to where I could see the river threading its silvery path below me. I was just about to go back for my horses when I spied a number of shallow depressions in the ground that aroused my curiosity.

Getting down to the first one, I was amazed to see that it was a rifle pit; in fact I could now see several rows of them. As I had never heard of Indians using rifle pits, I wondered whether the soldiers were near. A strange circumstance was that the pits seemed to be freshly dug, yet there was no sign of any occupants.

I stepped into one to examine it more closely.

When I got out I was startled by a sound behind me. I whirled, ready to use my rifle, but dropped it as I found four rifles pointing straight at my breast. Behind each was a Nez Percé warrior in full war paint.

TO BE CONTINUED.



I saw the sorrel outlaw quivering with terror and whistling shrilly

captive, especially if Cunningham was a traitor and was on his way to a rendezvous with them.

Once from the top of a hill I caught a fleeting glimpse of my man still riding fast and unafraid through the timber. I was about to follow him with the same degree of recklessness when a startled snort behind me caused me to pull Irish up with a jerk. Glancing back over my shoulder at Remorse, I saw the sorrel outlaw quivering with terror and whistling shrilly. The mad look in his eyes that the odor of Indians ever induced was present. Indians were near, and the direction of the wind told me that they were toward the place where Cunningham had disappeared.

Finally I resolved to cut directly across the trail. If such a large band of Indians had passed, there would be some sign. I knew they had had plenty of time to get as far as that, and the thought worried me. I rode due south through a wild, mountainous

my course, bearing off toward the north to cut across Joseph's trail farther up in the mountains.

For six days I traveled on the course that I had mapped out. On the third day I killed small deer and roasted it whole, for I believed that I was close to the fleeing Nez Percés, and I did not wish to risk another shot or another fire if I could help it.

By the end of the sixth day my food supply was again getting low, and I had seen no sign of Indians. Landmarks that Leander had described told me that I was near the Lolo trail. My confidence in my ability as a scout began to wane as I failed to find the Indians.

Finally I resolved to cut directly across the trail. If such a large band of Indians had passed, there would be some sign. I knew they had had plenty of time to get as far as that, and the thought worried me. I rode due south through a wild, mountainous



*The wind is like people;
it cannot always be at its best.*

FACT AND COMMENT

A CUP IS FULL ENOUGH just short of the brim.

In foolish pride the Sparrow tried to stride Beside the Crane—and split himself in twain.

EVERY MAN'S FACE is the ledger of his good and of his evil accounts.

ACCORDING TO PLANS of the Treasury Department the public debt of the United States, which is now somewhat more than twenty-two billion dollars, will be fully paid in 1952.

A NEW JERSEY EXPERIMENTER in radio says that he has got astonishingly good results by substituting a small sea shell for his bulky loudspeaking horn. The peculiar shape of the shell seems to give it the property of amplifying sound to a degree quite out of proportion to its size.

A BERLIN NEWSPAPER MAN was recently fined for quoting eggs at 150 billion marks apiece after the government had fixed the price at 130 billion marks. He explained that he had had to pay the price that he had named, but the judge told him he was "attempting to raise the price artificially."

A NUMBER OF GRADUATES of a mid-Western college have reported what they earned in their tenth year out of college. The figures bring out the interesting and probably unexpected fact that in earning capacity the athletes are far ahead of the Phi Beta Kappas. The athletes earned on the average \$6400 a year, the ten-year graduates as a whole \$5800, and the high scholarship men only \$3000.

THIS IS THE THIRD YEAR in succession that the United States has produced a short crop of cotton. Twelve million bales is almost the smallest crop that will meet the demand. Stocks of cotton carried over from previous years are low, and mill owners the world over are worried about getting the amount that they need. The crop last year is estimated to be about ten million bales, but, if it had not been for the boll weevil, the same acreage would have produced sixteen or eighteen million bales, which is more than the world needs.

THE EDITORS of The Companion have been informed of a family that is in a distressing predicament. It consists of a father, a mother, a boy and a girl, and they wish to cross a river. The father and the mother weigh each two hundred pounds; the children weigh each one hundred pounds. The only means of crossing the river is a boat that will carry no more than two hundred pounds at a time. How shall the family get across? It is waiting on the bank and, we are afraid, must continue to wait there until some clever reader of The Companion can solve their problem. Who will be the first to rescue them?

WASHINGTON WAS A FARMER at heart as well as in practice, and in all his years as a military commander and statesman his thoughts were never far from the soil. Every year he liked to make some agricultural experiment. In the year of the convention at Philadelphia when he was dealing with the great problem of the Constitution he was also trying to work out the best way to raise oats. He divided the fields

of one of his farms into squares and sowed different varieties of seed in different quantities. His conclusion was that two bushels of seed gave better results than the four bushels that it was then the custom to sow.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FARM SITUATION

FARM prices in the western country continue to be low. The prices of some commodities have begun to recover, but the prices of others show little change; and all of them are below what they should be in order to assure the farmer or the stock raiser a reasonable profit. The financial institutions of the region are feeling the strain, and numerous smaller banks, particularly in South Dakota, have had to suspend payment. The time is appropriate for some statement of the Administration's attitude, and therefore President Coolidge's special message to Congress on the subject attracted a great deal of attention.

The President believes that the troubles of the wheat farmer can be absolutely cured only by his restricting his crop of wheat to an amount that can meet the needs of the world's market without leaving a surplus and by diversifying the yield of his farm with other crops. To meet the immediate necessities of the case and to provide means by which the farmer who is either financially too weak to make the proposed change in farming methods or already seriously in debt can pull himself out of his difficulties he suggests some measures that he thinks will help.

First he proposes that before Congress passes legislation offering the farmer new sources of credit it shall make some arrangement by which his present indebtedness can be funded, so that money raised by the new credit can be applied to his own needs rather than to the immediate claims of his creditors. Next he recommends that the authority of the War Finance Corporation be extended, and that Congress establish a fund to assist wheat farmers who need help in changing from a single crop to diversified farming. He advises private capital—especially the great banking, transportation and insurance companies whose prosperity must rise or fall with the prosperity of the western country—to help in strengthening the threatened capital of the local banks and perhaps to organize a private financing corporation to aid in the work of reorganization.

The President clearly thinks that the government cannot do everything and should not be expected to do everything; and he apparently means to bring such pressure as he can—if it is needed—to induce private capital to serve the occasion. The substantial wisdom of his remarks on the agricultural situation and the practical and sensible nature of his suggestions for relieving it are generally admitted, but the men in Congress who speak for the wheat states of the Northwest are afraid that whatever he advises will come too late to help many of the less fortunate farmers, who have already passed through bankruptcy and been dispossessed. It is to be observed also that the president of the Iowa Farmers' Union declares emphatically that the farmers "do not need more credit, but better prices"—a statement that we believe the President himself would not think of denying.

FLYING ROUND THE WORLD

ACCORDING to the present plans four aviators of the United States army are to "hop off" sometime during the month of March to circumnavigate the earth by aeroplane. Maj. F. L. Martin will lead the expedition, and Lieutenants Smith, Nelson and Wade will accompany him. They will use four Douglas cruising planes, which during the first and last parts of the trip will be fitted with pontoons for landing in water. In crossing Asia and Europe the aviators will use ordinary landing wheels instead of pontoons.

This is the very interesting itinerary of the trip: From Washington by way of Dayton, St. Joseph and Salt Lake City to Seattle; thence along the Pacific coast of British Columbia and Alaska to Cordova; then, following the chain of the Aleutian islands, to Attu, and across to the Kurile islands of Japan; thence by way of Aomori, Tokyo and Nagasaki to Shanghai and Canton in China; then across Indo-China and India

to Mandalay, Calcutta and Delhi; thence over the plateau of Persia, the plains of Mesopotamia and the mountains of Asia Minor to Bushire, Aleppo and Angora; next over Bulgaria, Serbia, Hungary, Austria and Germany to Paris; thence to London, to Aberdeen, to the Faroe Islands, to Iceland, Greenland, Quebec, and so back to Washington.

At least in passing, the aviators will see almost everything that is worth seeing in the northern hemisphere. They will not take unnecessary chances in crossing wide stretches of ocean, but, as the itinerary shows, will keep as close as they conveniently can to land or to sheltered harbors. They will not try to do anything particularly daring or to make any extraordinary speed. Even if there are no unfortunate delays, the party may not return until late in the summer. The trip is intended to show that communication by aeroplane between the various continents is practicable and to get as much information as possible about the behavior of the modern plane in every possible sort of climate and weather that the world can offer.

It is reported from London that some of the British government aviators, aroused by the plans of our own flying service, are going to make a similar tour of the world, flying eastward instead of westward. If the report proves to be true, there will be two flying parties instead of one to watch during the coming months, and there are few people who will not be interested in following the progress of the rival expeditions. Readers of The Companion should get out their atlases and the colored pins that they have not used since they used them to mark the battle line in France back in 1918. Here is a chance for a fascinating lesson in geography.

THE WIND

OF all the phenomena of nature the wind seems to be the one that is most strikingly endowed with personality. Sunlight, starlight, moonlight, thunder and lightning, rain and snow—there is no wide range of expressiveness in any of them. But the wind has moods and a many-sided character; indeed there is no human emotion, no virtue and no vice of the human soul, that does not find its representation or its symbol in the blowing of the wind. The insane, destructive fury of mankind at war has its counterpart in the tornado and the hurricane. Violent gales, though less demoniac in temper, show occasional outbursts of brutality corresponding to those that human beings sometimes exhibit. Then there are the mean-spirited, ill-natured gusts that do spiteful, malicious things and play disagreeable practical jokes; experiencing them, we feel that the wind is at heart a vindictive bully. At other times it is better disposed, yet not quite amiable—boisterously humorous, usually at the expense of people who dislike boisterous humor. But even those people will admit that now it has got rid of its malice and is merely prankish and not above playing the clown.

When the wind ceases to be aggressive it becomes gentle, confiding, sympathetic, affectionate; it sooths and caresses, it stimulates and refreshes. It seems then to have the most agreeable personality of all the forces in the natural world. To the poet's imagination it becomes a lover murmuring endearments to his lady, or a mother singing a lullaby to her babe, or an old nurse crooning softly to a child.

The wind is like people; it cannot always be at its best.

And however much we may object to it and denounce it or long for and welcome it, of one fact we may be sure: we can never do anything about it.

A NEW GERMAN MERCANTILE MARINE

DURING the past four years Germany has been impoverishing its educated classes and its working people by inflating its currency without limit and has used the poverty of those whom it has thus ruined and the technical bankruptcy of the government to prove that the nation is economically prostrate. But it is not economically prostrate. The rich men in business, the industrial leaders, have prospered and have not only maintained but improved the productive economic structure. The inflation of the currency has enabled them to pay off old loans and mortgages for almost

nothing, to borrow sums that they could repay with a small fraction of the real money that those sums originally represented, to exploit the worker through wages that seemed high but that amounted to only a trifle. See what those ambitious and shrewd men have been able to do in the desperate situation that faced the German mercantile marine in 1920.

In that year Germany had to surrender to the Allies every vessel of more than 1600 tons, half of all the vessels of between 1000 and 1600 tons, and a quarter of its fishing fleet. Only 420,000 tons of the smallest kind of shipping was left to it. Yet within four years that total has grown to approximately 2,750,000 tons, sixty per cent of what Germany had when the war broke out. Almost 500,000 tons came by purchase, for when Great Britain sold a quantity of the surrendered German shipping that it could not use neutrals bought it and sold it back to the German shipowners. But the rest is new construction. How busy the German shipyards are can be judged by their having turned out more than 500,000 tons of shipping every year since 1920, which is more than either Germany or the United States built in any one year previous to 1914.

Something of the sort has happened in almost every branch of industry, though it is in shipping alone that Germany actually lost its visible capital. The factories and the railways have been extended and improved with money that an honest and earnest government would have taken in taxation to discharge what it owed in reparation. Whenever events shall permit the Germans to engage freely and openly in every branch of foreign trade their "plant" will be in excellent condition to handle the business. The condition of German commerce is the only disappointing element in the shipping situation, for there are not cargoes enough to fill the ships that lie waiting for them. That, however, is what all shipowners, British and American as well as German, must face. For the present there are in every commercial country more ships than can be profitably used.

SEA-LEVEL CANAL AT PANAMA

THOSE of our readers who are old enough to remember the building of the Panama Canal, now nearly twenty years ago, will perhaps remember that many persons favored a canal at sea level and without locks. The government decided for the lock canal principally on account of the difficulty and expense of digging a channel that in the Culebra Cut would have had to be some eighty-five feet deeper than the present one. But the advantages of a sea-level canal are still apparent—the expense is the chief opposing argument—and Colonel Bunau-Varilla, the French engineer whose familiarity with the problem at Panama goes back forty years to the days of De Lesseps, is now in this country urging on the United States the wisdom of undertaking to build one.

Colonel Bunau-Varilla, who is professionally competent to discuss the proposal, believes that the canal could be dredged to the new level a little at a time without interrupting the stream of commerce that passes through it. He would begin at the highest point and dredge the bottom down five feet. He would build new locks suitable to the lowered level, and then deepen the next section to meet it. In that way, little by little, section by section, the bottom of the canal would sink five feet at a time until locks were no longer needed.

Colonel Bunau-Varilla thinks that the cost, spread over twenty years, would not greatly exceed \$1,000,000,000, and that that sum would not have to be raised at once, but only as it was needed. He is even sanguine enough to believe that the money could be raised without laying any burden on the taxpayer. The annual profits of the canal are already sufficient to pay the interest on a loan of \$200,000,000, and he calculates that the added profits on an increasing use of the canal would in like manner take care of the interest on future loans.

We do not have quite so much confidence in Colonel Bunau-Varilla's judgment on the financial side of the problem as on the technical side. The government might not find it quite so simple as he thinks to finance the project. But if, as he asserts, the canal can be deepened without interrupting the use of it, the proposal is worth the serious attention of Congress. The chief difficulty, we should suppose, would be at Culebra, where the

deepening of the bottom by even so little as five feet might lead to more earth slides unless the canal were first of all widened at the top.

That the canal at sea level would be much more serviceable to an increasing commerce in time of peace and much less liable to destruction or serious damage in time of war is evident. The locks cannot help delaying the passing of ships, and, if one of them were smashed by high explosive dropped from above, the canal would be put out of business for an indefinite time.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

WHAT were the emotions of the men who first stood on the brink of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and looked down into that deep and splendid abyss? Those men are unknown, but in our Milestone cover for March 6 the scene is imaginatively recreated by William D. Eaton in a painting of unusual picturesqueness and color. It is a notable addition to the growing list of remarkable pictures in which artists and publishers have cooperated to celebrate the glories, material and moral, of our great country.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE funeral of Lenin was a most extraordinary spectacle. The body lay in the House of Unions, attended by all the conspicuous leaders of the Bolshevik party except Trotzky, who is ill. There was no religious service, of course, but there was much music—Chopin's funeral march, exciting selections from Wagner's operas, a hymn of death by a recent Polish composer, Monushko, and of course the Internationale—all played by an orchestra. No one spoke except Madam Lenin, and she spoke briefly. Outside it was bitterly cold, thirty degrees below zero at least. Nevertheless people crowded not only the streets through which the body was carried but also Red Square, in which under the shadow of the Kremlin a temporary mausoleum of wood had been built to receive the body. For a time the coffin lay upon a platform in front of the mausoleum while companies of working people and peasants filed by, many of whom were obliged to break into a run, so numbing was the cold. The only services were the singing of dirges and revolutionary songs by great choirs of men and women. There was no noisy lamentation, but the crowd showed deep emotion; many wept openly. Lenin was as big as his sincerity and his singular personal force to make himself a symbol to the Russian people of all their aspirations toward political and social equality. It is as such a symbol that they mourned him. It was as such a symbol that in spite of the collapse of many of his theories he was able to maintain his influence over them. No one else can take his place in their hearts or in their imaginations. It is reported that the soviet government has chosen to immortalize Lenin by changing the name of Petrograd to Lenin-grad. That would not be inappropriate. Just as the magnificence of the former capital was the work of Peter the Great, for whom it was named, so its present dismal and semideserted state is the result of the policies that Lenin urged and enforced.

ANOTHER expedition will shortly be on its way toward Mt. Everest, with the ambition of reaching at last the summit of the highest mountain on the earth. The expedition, like that of 1922, will be under the command of General Bruce and will include several of the hardy mountain climbers who in that year got up as far as 27,300 feet above the sea—less than 2000 feet from the summit. Earlier expeditions

have determined the only practicable way of ascending the mountain and have taught the climbers what are the particular difficulties to be met and overcome. The rarefied air and the difficulty of carrying food and oxygen enough without at the same time overburdening the men are the chief obstacles; but the present party is confident that, if it has good weather, it can conquer Everest at last.

MR. FORD has informed Congress that his offer to lease the power plants at Muscle Shoals for the manufacture of fertilizer still stands, provided the government will erect there a steam-power plant to replace the one recently sold to the Alabama Power Company. But there is another bid before Congress. A combination of Southern companies that deal in transmissible power has offered to take over the Muscle Shoals plants on a fifty-year lease at a rental of \$2,000,000 a year. The companies will agree to reserve one hundred thousand horsepower for the manufacture of fertilizer and to create a fund of \$1,000,000 to be spent on research in electrochemistry in the interest of agriculture and national defense. It is evident that there will be a debate of importance in Congress over the whole affair, and that the relative advantages of the two offers will be carefully studied. That some profitable use will be made of the great power plant seems almost certain.

REPORTS from the convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis are on the whole reassuring. All but the radical miners were in a reasonable mood. And probably there will be no serious difficulty in their reaching an agreement with the operators to replace the one that will expire on March 31. Most of the provisions of the present agreement will probably be incorporated in the new one. A party among the miners stood out for a twenty-per-cent increase in wages and a six-hour day, but President Lewis used his influence to moderate those demands. It is interesting to observe the words he used: "The coal-worn public must be considered in pressing our demands." It would be cheering to hear a like humane sentiment from some one who is engaged in the anthracite industry. The "Red" element among the United Mine Workers was present in force at Indianapolis, but was steadily outvoted by the moderates.

THE economic conference at Paris is working industriously and, it appears, fruitfully. It has already determined that the German currency can be stabilized only through establishing an independent gold bank with the coöperation of foreign capital and under international control. That is in essence the plan by which the Austrian currency was restored. It is proposed to draw into the service of the new bank the foreign coin or currency now held by Germans and serving no useful banking purpose and to persuade the German capital now concealed abroad to return to Germany by offering it the chance of secure investment. Dr. Schacht, the president of the Reichsbank, is working with the conference and apparently in perfect harmony with it. The American delegates are said to be exerting a great deal of influence in the conference and to be largely responsible for the plan on which the new gold bank will be organized.

HIROHITO, Prince Regent of Japan, has been married to a daughter of Prince Kuni. The ceremony was the traditional one that has been followed for hundreds of years, and it was celebrated with all the highest rites of the Shinto religion. No foreigners were allowed to be present. The streets were gayly decorated and crowded with people, who manifested the greatest enthusiasm. The Prince is the one hundred and twenty-third in the royal line, and the devout Japanese believe that the spirits of all those dead-and-gone emperors were present to witness the union and to give it their blessing. The bride is as popular with the Japanese people as her young husband is. Her father is descended from a former emperor, and her mother is a princess of the chief family in the famous feudal clan of Satsuma.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

There are some folks who think it far to Fairyland. Perhaps they are quite right. But still it might not be so very far for you or me!



IT NEVER HAPPENED

By Kate Lawrence

HERE never was a little girl by the name of No-One-at-All, for of course no mother would think of giving her child such a name as that; and the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not live in a country called the Land of Nowhere, for there is no such country on any of the maps, even in the farthest and least-known parts of the world.

The little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not live on the edge of a forest, and so she did not go for a walk in the woods one day. The forest paths did not grow darker and narrower as she went on, and she did not see a big lion coming just as she got to the narrowest and darkest place. There are no lions in the country that is not called the Land of Nowhere.

The lion did not say to her, "Little girl, I am very hungry, and, if I cannot get anything else, I must eat you," for you must remember that there wasn't any lion, and, if there had been one, lions cannot talk.

The little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Mr. Lion, do you like rabbits?" I know where there are plenty of them. We eat them for our dinner, so I suppose it is all right for you to eat them"; and she did not say to herself, "Father won't like it if this lion eats any of our rabbits, but he would feel still worse if the lion ate me"; and she did not lead the way to where

the rabbits were feeding, for her father had no rabbits and she had never tasted rabbit meat in her life.

The lion did not say, "I have a great deal better right to them than you have, for they eat the grass and leaves that grow in my

woods. I was king of the Land of Nowhere long before you were born."

The lion did not take one of the rabbits by the neck as a cat carries her kittens, and he did not shake it as a cat shakes a mouse, for, as I have told you, there were no rabbits.

The little spring and summer play, the Planting of the Trees, that appeared on the Children's Page in February, 1922, proved so popular that we have reprinted it in pamphlet form with the music and with suggestions for the stage settings and the costumes. On receipt of fifteen cents in stamps the Editor of the Children's Page will be glad to send the pamphlet to any address.

Now the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Mr. Lion, do you like your rabbits cooked? I will take one home and ask mother to cook it for you."

The lion did not say, "No, I always eat my food raw."

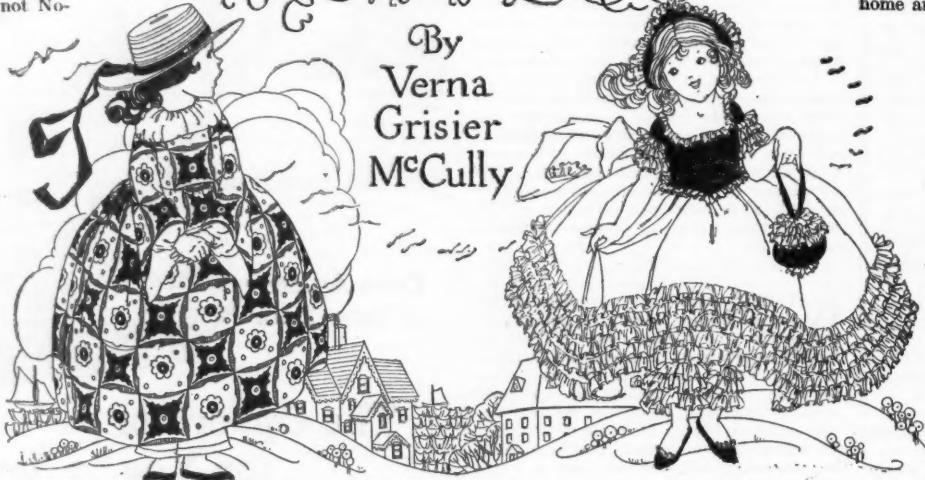
Then the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Oh! you don't know how much better they are cooked," and she did not catch one of the rabbits up by its hind leg and run with it as fast as she could for fear the lion would eat her.

Oh, no! As I told you in the first place, not one of those things ever happened, but it did happen that a little girl whose name was Marian Louise woke up one night in her own little bed in the alcove of her mother's room and found that she had been dreaming all those things about the lion and the rabbits.

She knew that her father and mother were asleep in their own bed in the farther part of the room, for she could hear them breathing; she knew that with them to take care of her she need not be afraid of anything; and she knew that nothing that could hurt her could get into a large strong house like that. So she did

RUFFLES

By
Verna
Grisier
McCully



*Though Susan lives in a fancy house that stands near a ruffled sea,
She dresses with simplicity, but in good taste and neatly;*

*And Betsy lives in a house as plain as ever a house can be,
But, oh! the frills that Betsy wears would ruffle you completely!*



MY DREAM BOAT

A Lullaby

SET TO MUSIC BY GRACE WARNER

Moderato e cantabile

8/8 time, key of G major.

1. The flash of the light-house now gleams like a star, And shines on a
2. The night lamp is ros-y, the bird's songs are low, The sand-man is

pp

boat that is cross-ing the bar; Clear bells are ring-ing, .
call-ing, —'tis time now to go; Dreams he is bring-ing, .

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mp

Moth-er is sing-ing; . Row-ing so soft-ly my

mp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rit.

dream-boat I take To sail through the shadows till morn-ing shall break.

rit.

Row, row, Soft breezes blow; Off thro' the shadows to dream-land we go!

rit.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

not call out to waken her mother, but turned over and went to sleep again like a sensible little girl. Then she had a pleasant dream that perhaps I shall tell you some other time.

* *

KATIE

By Jessie M. Lathrop

"LET'S go to see grandmother," said father to mother and Anna May. "If we start soon, we can get there sometime this afternoon and come back tomorrow."

"What a splendid idea!" said mother. "I will be ready in an hour. We can take some luncheon and have a picnic on the way."

Anna May clapped her hands and skipped with delight. There would be the long drive in the new car; and besides, grandmother was the very best person in the world to visit, she was sure.

So everyone became busy. Father went to get the car ready and to fill a sack with apples for grandmother; and mother went to pack a suitcase and the lunch basket. Anna May ran to the barn for eggs and then hurried to get two dolls ready to take.

"I think that one doll should be enough," said mother. "It will be a long drive, and two dolls will be hard to hold."

"But," explained Anna May, "Floribel is my newest doll, and grandmother has never seen her, and poor old Katie has never gone for a ride. I promised to take her the very next time I went."

"Oh, let her take them both," laughed father. "I'm sure Katie won't object to riding in the back seat on the apples for part of the time."

So Anna May put the pink silk dress on Floribel, who had long golden curls and big brown eyes and a lovely face. Then she dressed Katie in her best dress, which was a sober brown. Katie wasn't pretty, for her face was scratched, and she had only one eye and very little hair; but Anna May loved her, even though she had a dozen other dolls, for Katie had been her very first.

Soon everything was packed, and everyone was ready, and they were on their way. The apples filled the back of the car, so that mother, Anna May and the two dolls sat on the front seat with father.

It was a lovely drive; it seemed to Anna May that everything and everyone were happy. At noon they ate their luncheon under a big tree near a farmhouse. A little girl peeped over the fence at them. Mother called to her and offered her a cooky. She was shy at first, but after a while asked whether they wanted to see the kittens.

So mother and Anna May went to the barn where six snowy white kittens were playing round. Anna May was delighted with them, and the little girl said that she might choose one to take home with her. Anna May chose the one with the little black spot on the tip of its tail. Then she thanked the little girl and ran back to where father was waiting.

Since Anna May had to carry the kitten in her lap, Katie and Floribel had to ride on the apples in the back seat.

So they went along. Once when they had to turn out for another automobile to pass Anna May was afraid that they should tip over, the road slanted so much, but father soon had them back on the roadway, and they came safe and sound to grandmother's house.

How surprised and pleased grandmother was! She kissed them all and petted the kitten.

"And you have brought your doll too, haven't you, dear?" she asked.

"I've brought two dolls," answered Anna May. "This one is Floribel, and Katie is there somewhere."

But Katie wasn't there. Father took out the apples and the other things, and they looked everywhere, but they didn't find Katie.

"She must have fallen out," said mother. "I am so sorry."

Anna May winked back the tears. "Do you suppose she fell out when we tipped to one side? Oh, I hope some girl will find her and be good to her."

"Now, dear, perhaps you will find her tomorrow. And anyone who found Katie would be sure to be good to her."

But Anna May wasn't so sure about that. "If it were Floribel," she said, "I shouldn't mind so much, for she's so pretty that anyone would like her; but you have to have Katie a long time to like her."

Grandmother and everyone, including the

white kitten, did their best to comfort Anna May, and she did try to have a good time, but she was really glad the next day when they started for home. Father drove slow, and Anna May and mother looked carefully all along the way.

When they reached the place where the automobile had tipped to one side the day before father stopped, and they all got out and looked carefully through the goldenrod and daisies, but they didn't find a trace of poor Katie.

By and by they came to the tree where they had eaten dinner the day before. The little girl who had given Anna May the kitten was there, but she said she hadn't seen anything of Katie.

"Oh," said Anna May, "if only some little girl has found her and not some big dog or a cruel boy." She held tight to Floribel, but the kitten slept on the seat beside her.

There was no need of looking any more. Mother said that she was sure some little girl was happy because she had found Katie.

They came up to a wagon that was piled high with apples, and father turned aside to pass. A man was driving the team of slow old horses, and on the seat beside him was a woman and a little girl.

The little girl wasn't plump and rosy like Anna May, and she wore a thin old coat, though the wind was cold; but it was what she held lovingly in her arms that made Anna May cry out and caused father to stop the car. It was an old doll without much hair that was dressed in brown. It was Katie!

"Good morning," said mother. "Will you sell us some apples?"

The man stopped the team, and father bought some apples, though there were bushels of them at home.

"Your little girl loves dolls, doesn't she?" said mother.

"Yes," said the woman; "she found this one yesterday right in the road. She's never had a doll before, and so she likes it even if it is old and broken. Some day I hope we can get her a pretty doll, but until then she can play with this one."

"Would you like to see my doll and let me hold yours a minute, please?" asked Anna May suddenly. Her cheeks were very pink.

The little girl seemed almost afraid to touch Floribel. "She's the loveliest thing I ever saw," she said.

"Would you like to trade?" asked Anna May, hugging Katie to her. "You see I like this old doll. She's—she's like a doll I had once."

"Oh," gasped the little girl, "do you mean it?"

"Of course she means it," said father.

So Anna May held old Katie tight as father started the automobile. "Please be good to the doll," she said. "Her name is Floribel."

"Oh, I will, I will," promised the little girl. "Thank you ever so much."

"She'll be good to Floribel," said Anna May contentedly, "and I really couldn't spare Katie."

* *

A POP-CORN BALL

By Daisy D. Stephenson

I am playing a game with the good fairy Flame
By the fire while the winter wind's blowing.

Cinderellas have I, all so humble and shy,
To the ball every one would be going.

They are tiny and plain, just the size of a grain;
But through magic I'll send them all skipping.

Now my wand I shall take and unceasingly shake
Till my wee Cinderellas go tripping.

With the Flame fairy's aid every one is arrayed
In a gown any queen might be wearing,

All so fluffy and white that they dance with delight.
I can see all the princes a-staring.

When I've played all I like then the clock starts to strike;

Cinderella must homeward come hopping,
Then, an ogre (in fun), I will eat every one.

After all, it's just corn I've been popping!

John H. Thomas
Written with a Parker by
Chicago's Great Line-plunger

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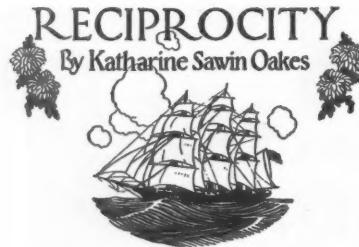
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*Lucy's in a mission in far-away Anking,
Where pagoda roofs curve skyward and in bamboo
cages sing
Bright birds. She teaches cross-stitch to slant-
eyed China girls,
Pricking thin, shiny linen in complicated swirls
And patterns quaint of flower vendors balancing
long poles,
Or Peking camels stiffly pacing on in measured
scrolls
Around a dainty teacloth; or 'ricksha boys are
wrought
Running at proper intervals where each precisely
ought.
Then Lucy neatly packs the work, and Wong, her
houseboy, posts
It to New York. * * * She watches him scuff
from the compound. * * * Ghosts
Tap Lucy; she sits down and writes of glowing
Eastern things:
Of palaces imperial yellow built for queens and
kings
And ringed with gardens silvery with fountains;
wedding trains
Of green-garbed coolies carrying lanterns, beating
drums to strains
Of high weird music; little brides shut in red
lacquer chairs;
Most honorable relatives in green ones, shielded
from the stares
Of wretched beggars, destitute unfortunates!
Disease
And famine press them hard, and human ears are
deaf to pleas.
When Lucy's letter reaches me I thrill to that far
tale
And answer what I know she longs to hear by the
next mail:
That fragrant lilacs are in bloom along our coun-
try ways
Where mountain brooks run clear and high and
robins fill the days
With cheerful song; that Mrs. King at the corner
of the street
Has had a shock, but the Perkins child is better,
and that neat
Miss Briggs neglects her housework to run a car
this year;
The Youngs have a new baby, and all the neigh-
bors fear
She does not feel it right; our church is painted a
light gray
(The Guild raised all the money); Jen James has
moved away;
Old lady Lind is dead, and Marie will be married
in September.
I rack my brains to think up everything I can
remember.*

* * * * *

*Lucy paints me enchantment in Oriental hues,
And I write homesick Lucy New England village
news!*

HE'S MY BROTHER

AND American who was walking down the streets of a Chinese city was greatly interested in the children, many of whom were carrying smaller children upon their backs and managing at the same time to play their games.

"It is too bad," the American said sympathetically to one little fellow, "that you have to carry such a heavy burden!"

"He's no burden," came the quick reply; "he's my brother."

"Well, you are chivalrous to say so!" exclaimed the man, and he gave the boy some money.

When the American reached home he said to his family: "A little Chinese boy has just taught me the fullest meaning of the words, 'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.' He recounted his interview and added, "If a little Chinese boy can carry and care for his brother and refuse to consider him as a burden, surely we ought not to think it a burden to carry our little brothers, the weak and the needy ones, who look to us for help. Let us rejoice as we carry the needy one and say, 'He's no burden; he's my brother.'"

HAPPY-HEARTED AGE

"IF it had been any other time!" said Jean tragically. "The blinds all off, and the house half painted—"

"And Maggie with a swelled face and as cross as two sticks, poor thing; I only hope she won't give notice at the word 'company,'" added Louise dolefully.

"Oh, bother!" said Nan. "Those are trifles! What's gnawing my very soul is that I'll have to wear my old blue dress, because Miss Con-

over won't have finished my new brown, and the tailor's got my only suit, putting the new lining in. He's got yours too, Lou; have you forgotten? And, Jean, I don't believe you have a single fresh, good-looking dud to your name; you haven't even begun overhauling your things as Lou and I have."

"Mother isn't saying anything, but there's despair in her eye!" observed Jean. "She told Mrs. Austen to come 'any time,' and now she won't admit even to herself she wishes the time were any other time. If it were anyone but Mrs. Austen! The most exquisite, fastidious, elegant person we've ever known!"

Mother rallied enough to say, "I told her she would find us simple people living simply in a little country town. We don't want to pretend."

"No, but we want to be at our best, not our worst! And everything's wrong, and we're none of us ready—unless it's grandmother, and she's always ready for anything! Did you notice how she colored up pink and pleased and pretty when she heard the letter?"

Louise uttered a little squeal of dismay. "But she isn't ready! I haven't made over her best lace cap or mended her embroidered crepe shawl. They've been in my closet ages!"

"She won't care," said Jean confidently. "When there's anything to be enjoyed grandmother just enjoys it and doesn't fuss about the outs. She's as easily pleased as a child."

"Umph! Children aren't so easily pleased with anything that's convenient. You hand Bettikin a rag doll when she's set her mind on a Teddy bear and you'll find out! She's no permanently smiling cherub—not she! Children are sophisticated and imperious persons nowadays; you can't put them off with any old thing and 'Now have a good time, dearie!'"

"Well, you can grandmother! I mean, if there's a good time possible, she'll have it. If 'childlike' means—means—well, unspoiled and happy-hearted, she's the youngest member of this family; now isn't she?"

"Yes," said mother, pulling herself together. "I believe she is. When anyone has lived as long as she and faced as many troubles and perplexities and always done her full share of the hard things in life and yet has managed to keep a heart that opens easily to happiness, like a daisy to the sun—dears, that's something rare and fine, something for the rest of us to live up to. Mrs. Austen's visit won't be under quite the conditions we could wish, but if we forget them and enjoy her, as grandmother will in her old cap and second-best shawl, I believe our guest will forget them too and enjoy us. I'm sure of it!"

"Oh, well, we can try," conceded Jean, "and anyway, if she's disappointed in everything else, she won't be in grandmother. One smile and one toss of a gray curl and she'll come under the spell. Grandmother's our irresistible charmer and our angel-child!"

THE BOY WASHINGTON'S LATIN GRAMMAR

ANABEL was worried. "A little intimate story of George Washington!" she repeated. "How does the entertainment committee expect me to write a fresh and interesting paper on that subject. Everything about Washington has been published!"

Her grandfather, who had served on General Washington's staff during the Civil War, looked at her in an odd way. "Are you perfectly sure?" he asked.

"Oh!" cried Anabel. "You've something to tell!"

"You know," the old man continued, "Byrd Washington and I were college mates and comrades throughout the Civil War. Byrd's father was Col. Lawrence Washington, great-nephew of the general; he lived alone in his old colonial mansion near Winchester, Virginia. After the Battle of Gettysburg I accepted an invitation to visit Byrd's home during my two weeks' furlough."

"When we rode up to the door Colonel Washington, erect and soldierly despite his eighty-three years, came out to meet us with hands extended. It certainly does me good to see you boys looking so well," he said. "Bob, I am mighty glad Byrd made you come home with him. We can't offer you many luxuries, as Milroy's army when it passed through destroyed most of my household conveniences. However, I have left several mattresses, some meat and two cows. All the servants are gone, but I think we three boys can take care of ourselves pretty well." And he laughed genially.

"In the days that followed Byrd spent most of his time gallanting the girls of the neighborhood, but I preferred to lie on the grass and listen to the many tales the old man told of his peerless great-uncle."

"Did you ever see General Washington?" I asked.

"Only once, when I was a little boy at school in Georgetown, District of Columbia. At recess one day the cry went up, 'General Washington is coming!' Dropping balls, tops and everything else, we rushed pell-mell for the street. I stood near enough to touch my uncle as he rode at the head of a cavalcade, and, egged on by my schoolmates, I called: 'Hello, Uncle George!'

"The general halted. Looking down at me from the height of his magnificent white horse, he said, 'And pray which of my nephews is this?'

"Listening with a smile while I explained

myself, he put two fingers into the pocket of his brocaded waistcoat, took out a sixpence and gave it to me. Then he patted me on the head and rode majestically on."

"I wish I could tell you that I still have the coin, but with all my schoolmates at my heels I ran to the little shop and bought sugar plums for the crowd as soon as he was out of sight. However, as you are so interested in General Washington, go up into the garret and select some relic of his that may please your fancy."

"Eagerly I climbed the ladder that led to the garret. Seeing a barrel full of various articles, I overturned it and took from the heap a musty little leather-bound book. It was Jacob's Latin Grammar, which I myself had studied. The pages were dog-eared and torn. Some conjugations were worn entirely through—convincing evidence that the lesson had been hard. Here were prints of small soiled hands, hands destined to become so great, so clean; and there, it seemed, were teardrops shed by the discouraged little boy, for he was then only nine years old. On the flyleaf was written in a straggling childish hand:

"George Washington, his book.
Don't steal this book.
My honest friend,
For fear the gallows
Will be your end."

"It was enough! I put the volume into my pocket and reverently descended the ladder. There, my dear, how does that—"

But Anabel was already halfway upstairs to find pencil and paper and write out this true story.

LA MALADIE IMAGINAIRE!



*She: I've brought this bottle of nerve tonic to see if you think I'd better take it.
Druggist: You didn't get it here.
She: No, I didn't get it 'ere.
Druggist: Well, I don't think you require a nerve tonic.*

—George Belcher in the Tatler.

A LESSON THAT MISCARRIED

FOLK generally conceded, writes a contributor, that no one in the county could do over mahogany and cherry furniture so well as old Cassius Duffield. But Cassius had serious fault; he was lazy and thus tried folk's patience. Dr. Morton in particular was exasperated with the man. His great-grandmother's davenport had stood partly finished in Cassius's little workshop for the past five months.

At last on the second of January, 1923, the davenport was finished and delivered. The doctor, though he was delighted with the work, determined to give Cassius a needed lesson. As he handed his check to the man he said severely, "Now, Cassius, I'm going to give you a taste of your own medicine. You have made me wait an unconscionable time, and now I'm going to make you wait! You will observe that I have dated my check the second of April."

Cassius gravely inspected the check and then replied in his usual placid drawl, "All right, doc, just as you say."

Taking out his huge wallet, he put the check into one of the compartments and turned to go. But at the door he paused and, indicating a calendar above the doctor's desk, remarked with a twinkle in his eye: "I've always maintained that there's nothing like habit. Now for instance I suppose you've been writing 1922 so long you sort of forgot we've started on 1923. That check of yours is what you might call retroactive. Glad you like the sofa. Good-night, doc."

The doctor sank back limply in his chair. "By George!" he ejaculated. "I did write 1922!"

THE LAW IN ABYSSINIA

THE great market place of Addis Abeba in Abyssinia, says Mr. Merian C. Cooper in *Asia*, is worth going many days' journey to see. On a Saturday noon from all the country round, thousands of peasants pour into the city

and gather in the vast square to trade and barter. For great Maria Theresa dollars or for cartridges you can buy spears, crosses, leopard skins, zebra skins, rhinoceros-hide whips, ostrich feathers, monkeys and the usual animals and foodstuffs. We rode down to the market one day with our interpreter Bakalaw, a young Abyssinian whom the prince had educated in Paris. Sitting by the side of the road were a young man and a young woman fastened together wrist to wrist by a long iron chain.

"What kind of prisoners are those anyway?" we asked.

Bakalaw smiled. "Those are not prisoners at all," he responded. "That man owes the woman money, and she is collecting it."

"What! How! Why!" we exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bakalaw, "they are creditor and debtor. The man owed the woman money and wouldn't pay; so she went to the judge, and, as is the custom with us, the judge ordered the court officers to shackle the man to her until he pays. They will have to stay chained together enough money to settle the debt."

I found Abyssinian law based literally on the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Its written code is called the Law of Fatha Nagaser, and is the code of the ancient Coptic Church. But custom too plays a large part in it. It is the rule that he who kills must be delivered over to the family of the man he murdered, to be put to death by them. Not even the Empress or the Regent has the power of pardon.

It is recounted that during the late Emperor Menelik's reign a man who was high in a tree, cutting off a limb, fell and, landing square on a peasant who was asleep, killed him. Clearly it was an accident, but the dead man's brothers appeared before the emperor, who alone could proclaim the death sentence, and demanded the life of the hapless woodman. "Our brother is dead!" they cried. "Let his slayer die!"

"But, my children," replied the wise old ruler, "surely the man never intended to fall on your brother. Accept, I advise you, the money that this man offers and go your way in peace."

"No," the brothers responded; "a life for a life. That is the law."

The emperor reflected, and his face grew stern. "It is well," he said. "Such in truth is the law, and the law must be obeyed." He turned to the captain of his guard. "Take the prisoner and place him under the tallest tree you find. Then have these two brothers who demand his life carried to the topmost branches of that tree and from there throw them down upon the prisoner as many times as are necessary until the prisoner is killed."

On hearing the sentence the brothers cast themselves at the feet of the emperor and announced their willingness to accept the blood money.

"No," said Menelik, "you asked for this man's death. That is the law. But the law says you must kill him in the manner in which he killed your brother. Take his death or nothing."

The brothers took nothing.

HOW TO CATCH ZEBRAS

RATTRAY'S place, says a writer in *Asia*, is simply a trio of clay houses surrounded by paddocks. It is on the Isiola River at the edge of the northern frontier of British East Africa. Rattray is a British free lance, one of those fellows who are always doing strange things in out-of-the-way parts of the world.

At present he is interested in domesticating zebras. He hopes to be able to train them to harness and saddle and sell them to circuses, and he dreams of the day when zebras will be used in government transport work. His are not the common zebras, which are too small and have too little resistance to be domesticated, but the rarer Grévy's zebras, which are almost as big as truck horses, very strong and not so temperamental as the others. He has broken several of them to harness.

For catching his zebras he has constructed a great V-shaped trap with converging sides of thorn bush, each side a mile long. At the open end the trap measures two miles across. The point of the V leads into a *boma*—anything surrounded by walls is a *boma* in "British East." Rattray's "catching *boma*" is surrounded with a high stockade of logs and is closed by a trap-door suspended above the opening and worked by means of ropes and pulleys. At intervals in the walls there are emergency exits, and at the farther side the *boma* opens into a smaller one by means of a door just wide enough to admit a single animal. Round the stockade of the second *boma* runs a platform from which Rattray and his native assistants can overlook the pen.

Rattray told us the dramatic story of the great drive that brought his first lot of zebras. He had marshaled his fifteen porters and all the others he could borrow from his neighbors, and anyone within fifty miles is a neighbor. He had armed the porters with tin cans and other implements with which to make a noise and had taken them some ten miles beyond the trap. Then, assisted by two neighbors, he led his army forward. They drove into the V every animal in their path. It must have been a fearful and wonderful sight, those terrified animals driven by naked, howling blacks cheered on by white men mounted on mules. When he



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trapdoor of the catching *boma* dropped there were fully five hundred animals inside, packed as close as the wooden beasts in a child's Noah's ark. There were common zebras, Grévy's zebras, antelopes of half a dozen kinds, ostriches and even lions, which on finding they were trapped, leaped gracefully over the stockade and disappeared. But they left panic behind them; and the ostriches added to the terror of the maddened beasts by flapping their wings and striking out with their powerful legs.

But it was the oryxes that caused the most trouble. Though the oryx belongs to the antelope family, he is built more like a horse than like an antelope. He is supposed to be the original of the mythical unicorn, and with his long straight horns seen in profile he looks like one. He can do great damage with those horns; he has been known to kill lions with them. When the oryxes found themselves in a stockade, surrounded by struggling, panic-stricken animals, they at once began to put their horns to use. The result was slaughter!

Rattray had stationed boys armed with long poles on the platform near the door of the inner *boma* to prod the Grévy's zebras through the opening, but the compound was so crowded and the opening was so narrow that the prod-ding only further terrified the frightened beasts. The emergency exits had not then been made; so Rattray opened the trapdoor to give the maddened animals a chance for life. In the end half of them lay dead or mortally wounded. The rest escaped into the wilds, and Rattray had for his pains only six adult Grévy's zebras and three colts.

♦ ♦

A LADY'S FAN

THE recent death in London of Mrs. Hertha Marks Ayrton has brought to public notice once more the career of a woman of unusual, indeed unique, achievements. At the time of her death Mrs. Ayrton was the only woman member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Twenty years ago she was nominated for membership in the Royal Society and failed of admission to that most famous and historic of scientific associations only because of the legal opinion of counsel that the society had no power to elect a woman.

Mrs. Ayrton was the helpmeet, scientifically as well as in the usual domestic sense, of her husband, Professor Ayrton, while he lived; and in 1893 she completed for him during his absence in America an important series of experiments on the electrical arc. But her scientific work was always individual as well as cooperative. She invented and constructed a line divider and wrote extensively and usefully on the subject of electricity. Her most important contribution to science and humanity was made during the Great War; an invention of which more than one hundred thousand were used at the front she offered to the War Office free of royalties so long as the conflict should endure.

Her invention was a fan. Could anything sound more frivolously useless in time of war? But it was an antigas fan. To begin with, she discovered that the right way to use a fan is not to wave it widely about, making the air undulate feebly and irregularly, but to bring it sharply and repeatedly from horizontal to perpendicular, driving the air in steady puffs and creating a current from behind. On that simple principle she constructed her antigas fan, a small thing not more than twenty inches square, of light material and working with a hinge and a spring. It was used most successfully during the last period of the war to drive gas from trenches, dugouts and lowland hollows. Since then in time of peace it has proved extremely useful in dealing with sewer gas accumulations—it can be applied directly at the manhole—and also in mines, factories, motion-picture theatres, and wherever noxious gases are generated and ordinary ventilation fails.

Before the value of her fan was fully proved Mrs. Ayrton devised a clever demonstration of its uses in London. She had constructed glass models of trenches and dugouts, substituted smoke for gas and then installed an "Ayrton fan" and let the public view the results. In the course of another demonstration Mrs. Ayrton, with a miniature fan of three-inch dimensions seated herself at one end of a six-foot table and allowed choking clouds of smoke to be poured down from a funnel at the other end. So successfully did her toy fan come into action that not only were the fumes dispersed from immediately about her but it presently obtained such control over them that the current of air set up prevented any more smoke from leaving the funnel, thus cutting off the trouble at its source.

Rather a different article from the usual ballroom trifle, for many hundreds of grateful men owe their lives to Hertha Ayrton's fan.

♦ ♦

WHERE IS FLORENCE?

AN old colored woman came up to the ticket window at a big railway station, says Everybody's Magazine, and addressed the agent. "I wants a ticket fo' Florence," she said.

The ticket agent spent some minutes turning over railway guides apparently with no success and then asked:

"Where is Florence?"
"Settin' over dar on de bench," replied the colored woman.



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The BOYS' PAGE

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ACT QUICKLY, THINK QUICKLY

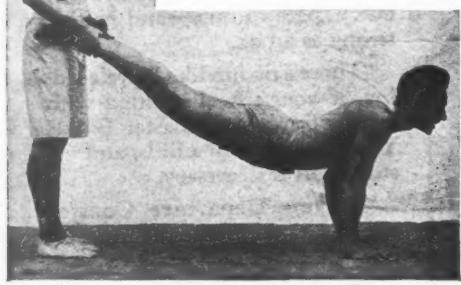
THE defensive quarter back who catches a punt almost on his own goal line and spectacularly threads his way through a broken field for a long run depends on something besides his speed. He is out-thinking his would-be tacklers and demonstrating that a thrust in the right direction in the nick of time is worth any amount of mere speed or strength blindly exerted. The exercises described below are of the sort that a first-string quarter back would enjoy, for they call for the nimble wit that outpoints an opponent. They are always good fun.

PULLING AN OPPONENT'S HANDS APART.—A places his finger tips together, and B tries to pull them apart.

It is impossible if the two contestants are of equal strength, but it is an excellent exercise for the chests and arms of both contestants. Watch for a moment of relaxation in your opponent, and you may surprise him.



A B



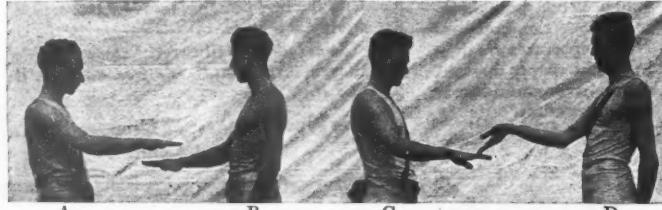
B

THE HUMAN WHEELBARROW.—A grasps the ankles of B, and B travels forward on his hands. B can make the exercise more difficult by slapping his chest after each step. A lively variation is to take a wheel through which a steel rod is run; B grasps the rod on either side of the wheel and A pushes him along. A lock nut on each side of the wheel will prevent the wheel from working out to the hand.



A B C

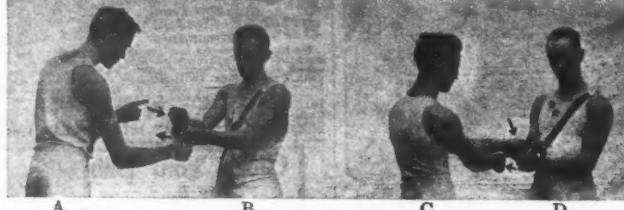
HAND WRESTLING.—The opponents should be of about the same height and weight, for one with a longer arm or of more weight has the advantage. Place one foot almost touching and opposite one of your opponent's feet as in A. Grasp hands and try to make your opponent raise his toes or heels, doing either of which counts you one point. You may cause your opponent to raise his heel by pulling him forward as in A and B, or to raise his toes by shoving him backward or sideways as in C and D. Your own feet should not be more than thirty inches apart. In this, as in most other contests where taking advantage of an opponent's mistake is largely the deciding factor, it is well to have a safe style of play of your own and then to be alert to sense your opponent's weakness and the opportune moment. Observe that your centre of gravity ought to be well within the space your feet occupy and that you can control this somewhat by bending your knees.



THE JAPANESE TOUCH.—The players face each other with the right arm extended, palms downward, and the right hand of one about three inches directly above the right hand of the other. The object is to see whether the boy whose hand is beneath, as in B, can touch the other player's hand with the back of his finger tips before the other player can move it sideways, to the right or the left, as in C and D.

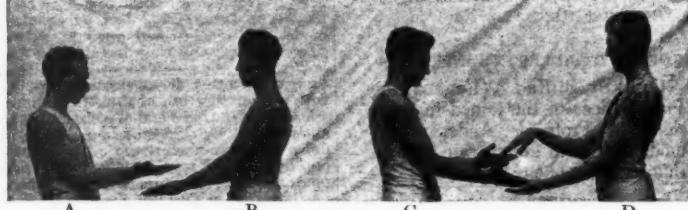


THE INDICATED FINGER.—Cross the arms, interlock the fingers. Bring the arms inward toward the body as in B, outward as in C; then have your companion point to a finger. The object of this test is to see whether you can move the finger that he indicates. Almost invariably you will move the corresponding finger of the other hand. But the moment anyone touches your finger, you will move it.

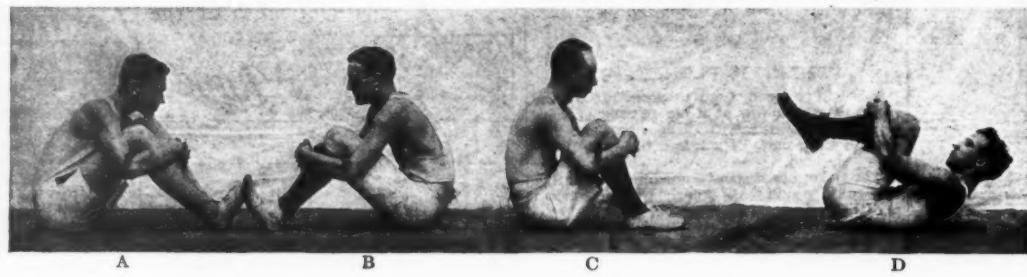


A B C D

TO KNOCK AN OPPONENT'S FISTS APART.—When the hands are closed one on top of the other as in B they are readily knocked apart by a slight pressure from the finger tips. In Figures C and D they have been knocked apart. The trick of holding the hands together is accomplished by grasping the thumb of the lower hand in such a way that the opponent cannot see it. When the upper hand holds the thumb of the lower hand it is impossible to separate them even by a smart blow. To the uninitiated it is mystifying. Perhaps you think that this trick hardly deserves a place in a group of serious exercises. The point is, these exercises are not serious. There ought to be a laugh in every one of them, but in this one you need to be careful that the laugh is not on you. Not every boy can try this on his big brother and "get away with it."



THE AMERICAN TOUCH.—With arms extended, A turns both hands palms upward and B both hands palms downward immediately below A's. The object is for B, using one hand at a time and without turning it, to touch A's palm before A can withdraw it. A does not withdraw his hand of course until B tries to touch it.



TOE WRESTLING.—Sit on the floor as in A and B with a broomstick or a wand between the elbows and the knees, and with the hands clasped in front of the knees. The object is to push hard enough on your opponent's toes to roll him backward as in D. Keeping the heels close to the hips does not produce a strong position. Lean well forward. Your own weight, wrongly disposed, is often the means of bowling you over. Resist the impulse to lean backward when you start to push.

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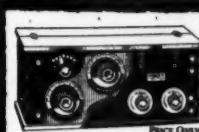
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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE

AMPLIFIERS FOR YOUR RADIO RECEIVER

WHAT is the distinction between a radio-frequency and an audio-frequency amplifier? When an electric wave passing through space from a radio transmitter reaches the antenna circuit of your receiver there is set up in the antenna circuit a current that reverses, or oscillates, anywhere from 20,000 to 2,000,000 times a second, depending upon the wave length of the transmitting station. Such a current is called a radio-frequency current, and because it is very weak and oscillates so rapidly it is not capable of moving the diaphragms of the head-telephones, and therefore it cannot be heard. But when the radio-frequency current passes into the crystal-detector or tube-detector circuit it is converted by the detector into a stronger current that, alternating at the slow rate of from 500 to 1000 times a second, can work the diaphragms. A radio-frequency amplifier increases the strength of the radio-frequency current before it passes into the detector circuit, whereas an audio-frequency amplifier increases the strength of the audio-frequency current flowing in the head-telephones. It often happens that the incoming radio-frequency current is too weak to affect the detector tube even slightly. In that event no audio-frequency current flows in the head-telephones, and an audio-frequency amplifier would be useless. It is then necessary to amplify the radio-frequency current by means of a radio-frequency amplifier until it is of sufficient strength to allow the tube to operate, whereupon the resulting current in the head-telephones is further amplified by an audio-frequency amplifier.

An audio-frequency amplifier of one or two stages is simple and stable and satisfactory for ordinary receiving where the signals are clearly audible in the detector circuit. For extremely weak signals a combination of audio-frequency and radio-frequency amplification is more effective. Where a large number of receiving stations fill the air with interfering "squalls" and beat-notes a radio-frequency amplifier used with a nonregenerative circuit makes an extremely selective set that insures clear reception.

Fig. A. shows how a two-step audio-frequency amplifier may be added to the single-tube set of which Fig. 2 on the Boys' Page for January 17, 1924, is a diagram. The telephone condenser is the only instrument used in that set that is omitted from this. The new parts needed to make up the amplifier itself can be laid out experimentally on a table or a separate base, wired together temporarily with flexible cord and connected to the other units as shown. All tubes are run by means of one filament battery and one plate battery. Switches A and B permit the circuits to be used separately. To use the detector circuit alone turn switch A to 1 and switch B to 5. To use the detector and one stage of amplification turn switch A to 2 and switch B to 4. To use the detector and both stages of amplification turn switch A to 3 and switch B to 4.

Fig. B. shows a two-stage audio-frequency amplifier for use with any receiver that consists of a tuning unit and either a crystal detector or a tube detector without amplification. This

amplifier is made up of two audio-frequency transformers, two amplifier tubes, sockets, rheostats, and filament-battery switches, one filament battery, one tapped plate battery of from 45 to 90 volts and other familiar standard parts. To use it connect the primary posts of the first transformer, points 1 and 2, to the headset posts of the receiver. This amplifier cannot be used either with the single-tube reflex circuit shown on the Boys' Page for December 20, 1923, or with any other reflex circuit, because reflex circuits are carefully balanced electrically and the addition of a transformer in the plate circuit throws the entire circuit out of balance. Reflex circuits are their own amplifiers.

The circuit shown in Fig. C is a good combination of radio-frequency and audio-frequency amplifiers and is nonregenerative. The detector-tube unit previously used appears as circuit 2 in this diagram. Honeycomb coils I and II used in the circuit shown in Fig. A may be used in place of the stator and rotor respectively of the varicoupler shown at the left of Fig. C. The tube batteries must be adjusted so that the tube circuits do not oscillate. The secondary tuning coil can be shunted with a variable tuning condenser.

Almost all tube circuits can be improved by the insertion in the grid lead of a low voltage called the bias, or "C," voltage. Where radio-frequency amplification is used this bias voltage is particularly desirable. In Fig. C it is supplied from the filament battery through potentiometer C. Or the potentiometer may be omitted and a flashlight battery of one, two or three cells in series inserted in the grid lead. The correct polarity of the flashlight cells for the particular tube can be found by test.

The arrow under the plate battery in both Figs. A and C indicates a variable tap to permit adjustment for the best voltage to the detector tube. This will be found by trial to be somewhere between 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 30 volts. In Fig. A when switch A is on 1 and switch B on 5 the voltage to the amplifier tubes is cut out and only the voltage to the detector tube remains. The plate voltage for the amplifier tubes is supplied through the positive (+) and negative (-) connections shown at the ends of the battery. The proper tap for the positive (+) connection must be found by trial just as in the case of the detector tube. Once it is found, no subsequent change will be necessary.

To use the circuit shown in Fig. A with a loop antenna discard the coil I and the wire shown connecting points F and G and attach the loop at those points. To use Fig. C circuit with a loop cut out the tuning coils, attach one end of the loop to the grid lead and the other end to the arrow contact at potentiometer C and connect a variable tuning condenser, .001 m.f. capacity, between the grid lead and the arrow contact.

Remember that in an experimental receiver efficiency is more important than looks. Therefore do not wire your set permanently at first, but rather try the amplifiers shown in both figures and decide which is better for your use. Not until then will it be worth your while to discard the flexible temporary wiring, to mount the parts permanently on a single base of board or hard rubber or behind a panel and to connect them with the bus bar and the soldered connections that are so desirable.

FIG. A. REGENERATIVE RECEIVER WITH TWO-STAGE AUDIO-FREQUENCY AMPLIFIER

I—Honeycomb coil, of 25, 50 or 75 turns, depending on length of antenna.

II—Honeycomb coil, of 35 turns.

III—Honeycomb coil, of 75 turns.

A, B—Switches.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5—Switch points.

C, D—Audio-frequency trans-

formers.

E—Plate battery of 45 to 90 volts.

F, G—Points where loop antenna

may be connected.

Other parts as described on Boys' Page for January 17, 1924.

FIG. B. TWO-STAGE AUDIO-FREQUENCY AMPLIFIER WITHOUT DETECTOR

FIG. C. NONREGENERATIVE RECEIVER WITH SINGLE STAGES OF RADIO-FREQUENCY AND AUDIO-FREQUENCY AMPLIFICATION

Circuit 1: One-stage radio-frequency amplifier, with grid bias potentiometer of 200 ohms (C); tuning coils may be varicoupler or honeycomb coils. Circuit 2: Tube detector connected to circuit 1 by radio-frequency transformer, A. Circuit 3: One-stage audio-frequency amplifier, connected to detector tube by audio-frequency transformer, B. Plate battery voltage, 45 to 90. Other parts as described on the Boys' Page for January 17, 1924.

See the accompanying article for further explanation of all figures.

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Propagating Shrubbery At Home

WE are now in the midst of the greatest activity in house-building that the country has ever seen. In spite of high prices we must have more dwellings. They will be built, but after paying for the actual building the owners will have less money left than usual for ornamenting their grounds. Nursery stock, like building material, is high. The ordinary householder, therefore, can hardly hope to be able to buy all the plants he desires. The simplest way out of the difficulty is to buy some foundation stock and from those plants to do your own breeding. The war taught thousands of persons how easy it is to grow their own vegetables. Present prices will teach other thousands that it is no more difficult to propagate ornamental plants and shrubs.

The first need of the owner of a new house is for quick-growing vines and bushy plants to hide the raw appearance that goes with new grounds; so the first plantings should be lusty annuals or such other rapid growers as the Japanese morning glory, for example, which will rapidly cover a bare porch, and plants that make a quick bushy growth, like dahlias, marigolds, sinnias, asters, martynias and hollyhocks. Nasturtiums are excellent for this purpose, because they do better in poor soil than in rich ground; and the earth round new houses is usually of the poorest. Annual grasses, like Job's tears, are also useful. Ferns are good, particularly the evergreen kinds. Moreover, once they are started they last indefinitely and multiply from year to year.

By using such plants as those suggested the householder can quickly hide the raw newness of his domicile. At the same time he can plant the bushy shrubs that are to become the basis of his permanent plantings, and from them begin to raise additional plants. He will want climbing vines as well as shrubbery. Fortunately most shrubs and vines are easily propagated even by the inexperienced gardener.

THE DESIRABLE VINES

Among vines some of the most desirable for use about the house are the Virginia creeper, the actinidia, the akebia, the clematis, the Dutchman's pipe, the matrimony vine, the wisteria and the grape vines. The actinidia and the akebia are both woody twiners from Japan, hardy and of rapid growth. The actinidia has large, thick, glossy leaves, not attractive to insects or subject to disease. The leaves grow thickly along the stems and branches and make a perfect thatch. In June the vine produces clusters of white blossoms with purple centre. The blossoms are followed by edible fruits. The akebia has neatly-cut foliage and quaint purple flowers and often bears ornamental fruits.

The matrimony vine has a multitude of long, pendent branches, which bear rose-pink flowers all summer long. They are succeeded in the fall by beautiful, translucent scarlet berries. The vine grows with wonderful rapidity. The Dutchman's pipe is notable for its great leaves and its beautiful blooms.

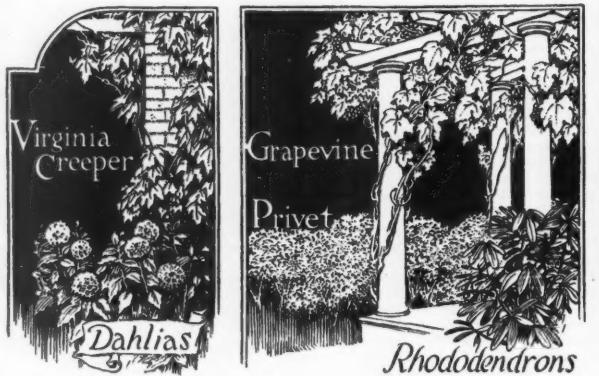
Most vines can be propagated by layering and by cuttings, and the Virginia creeper, the clematis and the wisteria can be readily grown from seed. The wisteria can be increased by root cuttings, but better results can be had by layering, as is usually done with vines.

THE BEST SHRUBS

Desirable shrubbery includes such plants as the Japanese barberry, the privet, the deutzia, the weigela, the forsythia, the althea, hydrangeas, laurel and the rhododendron, the ninebark and other spireas, the hazel, or filbert, the taller growths like the high-bush cranberry, the lilacs, the smoke bush, the fringe tree, the Tartarian honeysuckle, the cornchorus, the mock orange, the dogwood and others.

Like the vines, nearly all shrubs of this character can be propagated by cuttings and by layers. Propagation by cuttings is perhaps the simplest way. When that fails the gardener can resort to layering, which is effective where the use of cuttings is not; but dividing the roots is the simplest way of all. All that is necessary is to dig the plant up and divide the root into several parts. For example, when clumps of peonies become too dense it is necessary to lift the plants and divide the mass of roots into a number of smaller parts. Rhubarb is increased in the same way.

Cuttings are of two sorts, hardwood and softwood. The hardwood cuttings are taken from the new wood during the dormant season and kept moist and cool until planting time. Then they are planted in the ground, with only the upper bud or buds above the surface. A trench should be dug with sloping sides, and the cuttings should be leaned against one side of it, from four to six inches apart; then the trench



should be half filled with earth, which should be tramped firm, and above that should be placed loose earth for a dust mulch, to prevent evaporation. It is highly desirable, though not always possible, to plant all cuttings in a shaded or partly-shaded place. Cultivation should be constant. In very dry spells it may be necessary to water the cuttings, for the secret of success is to keep them constantly moist. For that reason it is best to have cuttings that are not too short, so that the butts of them will extend down to soil that is always damp. It is also well to dip the tops in melted wax to prevent loss of moisture through evaporation. The cutting should grow roots and put forth leaves and by the next fall be ready for resetting in a permanent plantation.

GRAPES

Grapes are commonly propagated by cuttings, which should be taken in the winter, preferably in February when the vines are pruned. The cuttings are made from the new canes and should have either two or three buds, one of which should be close to the bottom, and the other about two inches from the top. A three-bud cutting is necessarily a long one, which means that the cutting gets down deep into the earth where it is moist.

When the cuttings have been set in the trench and a little earth has been tramped down over them some wood ashes should be sifted in before the trench is filled with loose earth. Then the surface of the earth close to the row of cuttings should be mulched with manure. Cuttings of any plant that are to be set out of doors should be at least six inches long.

Softwood cuttings are made during the growing season after the new wood is pretty well matured. Such cuttings take root more readily than hardwood cuttings, but care must be exercised in selecting wood of the proper texture or age. A soft, flabby shoot does not grow readily, and wood that is too old makes a stunted plant. The ordinary test is to bend a twig sharply. If, on being bent, the twig snaps so that it hangs together only by a bit of bark, it is just right; but if it merely bends, it is too young; and if it crushes, it is too old.

CUTTINGS

Doubtless all cuttings would do better under glass, and it is essential that softwood cuttings be covered so as to prevent excessive evaporation. To that end a part of the leaves should be stripped off. The cutting should then be inserted into good bed, preferably of sharp sand, and should be covered with glass. Old fruit jars, cracked milk bottles and the like make excellent covers for cuttings. Partial shade is highly desirable.

Root cuttings are just what the term implies. A root is dug up and cut into pieces two or three inches long, which are then planted horizontally. The blackberry is usually propagated in that way.

If cuttings refuse to grow, plants can be propagated by layering. A pliant branch is laid down on the earth and covered with two or three inches of soil at a node or joint. A stone can be laid on top of the branch to hold it down, or it can be pegged fast. The branch will root at the joint, and when it is well rooted it can be severed from the main plant, for it has now become an independent plant with a root system of its own. The formation of roots can be stimulated by scoring or notching the layered branch just below the joint that is to be covered. Nearly all the common vines and shrubs can be propagated by layering as well as by cuttings, so that the

householder should have no trouble, once he has obtained his foundation stock, in growing as many additional plants as he desires.

A man who has followed the system here outlined has between four hundred and four hundred and fifty cuttings that he put down himself. Among them are five varieties of grapes and also weigelas, hydrangeas, altheas, viburnums, deutzias, smoke bush, fringe tree, akebia, magnolia, forsythias, spireas, quinces and currants. Since there are few plants that can be had from a nursery for so little as twenty-five cents, the man's row of cuttings is worth from fifty to a hundred dollars. It costs him nothing except the labor of cutting the twigs, putting them into the trench and cultivating them at intervals with a wheel cultivator or a hoe.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM

There are few persons who cannot give a single row in their gardens to raising cuttings, and fewer still who cannot obtain from their friends and acquaintances liberal supplies of twigs from desirable stocks, with which to start plants. When the owner of a house has obtained his foundation plants and set them out in early spring he has two chances within the year to grow plants from them. He can take a few softwood cuttings the very first summer if the growth of his plants permits, and again in winter he can "lift wood" for a few more cuttings. If he fails in both attempts, he can bend down some growing shoots and cover them with earth at the joints; so the problem of getting sufficient ornamental plants for the new house is not a difficult one.



ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT

REAMS of copy have been written bewailing the fact that the young people leave the farms for city life, and as many more reams have been covered with directions for checking the movement. But still the exodus goes on, and it will continue until the attitude of country folk toward the city folk undergoes a decided change. Meanwhile it is useless for anxious fathers and mothers to buy pianos, automobiles, home comforts, fine houses and fine furniture in the hope of stemming the tide cityward.

For the fault is largely the parents'. Most country boys and girls have been brought up to think that the city is a haven of rest. Country mothers seem to take pride in telling how much work they do and how helpless town ladies are, and they are forever pointing out that the country is the place to bring up children, because it furnishes plenty of chores and healthful work for them to do.

All that may be quite true, but the small boy who wants to go fishing instead of being made to dig potatoes and to drive the cows to pasture concludes that the city must be a pretty pleasant place if the city boys have nothing to do. And the little girl who is bidden to carry water to the chickens or to pick peas for dinner resolves to go to town just as soon as she is big enough, because there nobody keeps chickens and vegetables are bought instead of being picked from vines.

Whenever work is held up, consciously or unconsciously, as a thing to be avoided, children long for a place where there are no chores to do. If fathers and mothers, instead of deplored the supposed idleness of city life, would make a point of impressing on their boys and girls the delights of farm life and would give them opportunities

to make money from the chores, young people would be more content with the country.

A little country girl of seven coaxed her mother not long ago to puff out her hair a little at the sides, because it looked so pretty, but the mother said decisively that she had no time to primp and fix up like city women who had nothing else to do. The child was disappointed and inwardly determined that she would live in town when she got big, so that she might look pretty and have time to wear stylish dresses. The mother paid no attention to the child, but ten years hence she will be trying to keep the girl from carrying out her childish resolve.

In another home, when the children proposed small excursions and picnics,—little day trips in the family car to places of interest,—the mother was wont to say, "City people have time to go gadding, but country folks have to work," thinking that she was showing her boys and girls how much more virtuous country people were than their town neighbors. But she succeeded only in convincing them that the city must be a delightful place to live in, if people there had all the time they wanted for rest and recreation.

It is not fair to teach the children that town people have nothing to do, because it is not true. And until parents learn to magnify the delights of country living, instead of those of crowded cities, the exodus from the farms will go on, for only years of hard experience can efface the power of early teaching.

THE USEFUL INNER TUBE

DO not throw away the inner tube of tires that have served their purpose. There are numerous ways in which they can be used, either whole or in pieces.

Cut into strips of even width and woven together in basket weave, they make a good floor mat. The end strips should be made of double width, turned over and cemented in place with a good rubber cement. A similar mat, smaller in size, is excellent for use in the sink.

When cut across in widths suited to the use to which they are to be put they make good rubber bands. They will supply elastic for the bottom of the legs of bloomers, and they make good shirt-sleeve supporters.

Half soles cut from inner tubes will add materially to the life of a pair of shoes. Both the shoes and the rubber must be clean, and the surfaces should be well sandpapered before the soles are cemented in with rubber cement.

Pieces cut from an inner tube also make durable stair treads. A section tied or cemented on the broom handle, the coal shovel, the garden rake and other garden or household tools makes them much easier on the hands. A strip cemented in the door casing lessens the sound when the screen is slammed. Used whole or with the blown-out part cut away and the ends securely tied the tube when inflated slightly makes a serviceable air cushion. Encased in a tube of unbleached muslin or similar fabric, the tube may be inflated more and used as a support in learning to swim.

A CLOCK PARTY

THE entertainment here described is intended for young people of intermediate and high-school age.

The invitations should read thus: "You are invited to attend a Clock Party, on — evening from Eight until Ten by the Clock at the home of —." Or, if there is some one who will dress the part of Father Time, let the wording be: "You are invited to meet Father Time," and so forth.

When the guests arrive each one receives the following programme, on which the time is written out in words or indicated by the position of the hands on small clock dials:

Eight until eight-fifteen	Introductions
Eight-fifteen until eight-thirty	Conversation
Eight-thirty until nine	Games
Nine until nine-fifteen	Stories
Nine-fifteen until nine-thirty	Supper
Nine-thirty until nine-forty-five	Singing
Ten o'clock	Time to go Home

If Father Time is present in person, he tells off the time for the different events by means of a little hour glass; if not, the hostess sets an alarm clock for each period.

Cards made to resemble small alarm clocks are distributed, and each guest writes his name on the one that he receives and keeps it for identification. These clocks are cut from



colored paper, two of each color, so that later they serve to indicate who shall be partners for refreshments.

Progressive conversation mixes the guests and makes them acquainted. Cards are distributed that bear such legends as "What is your favorite time of day? Why?" "What is to you the most disagreeable time?" and "Name all the kinds of time you can think of." Partners are changed every three minutes.

The guests have five minutes to write as long a list as possible of things associated in their minds with mealtime, daytime, nighttime or other times. Later in the evening they are asked to guess the correct time to the second; the hostess holds the watch and awards a prize for the best guess. "Old Father Time" is written at the top of sheets of paper, and a definite number of minutes is allowed for each guest to make as many words as possible from the letters in those words.

With the ice cream are served cookies frosted to represent a clock dial.

"KITCHEN POLICE"

No one realizes the old adage that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" more certainly than the young mother who has children of the age between babyhood and the time when they begin to go to school, and who does her own work. There is no end to the things the children can upset, get into or disarrange while the anxious and distracted mother strives to keep them contented and out of mischief and at the same time to get the endless tasks of housekeeping done.

It was with the hope of utilizing that energy and keeping things running in smooth order, writes a correspondent, that I organized my "kitchen police," a very informal organization indeed, but a lively one. I have two sons, one aged fifteen months, the other "going on" four years. They are unusually large, normally healthy, reasonably bright and distractingly active. The younger boy, of course, understands only a little, but in a vague and babylike way he follows the lead of his brother and my directions. He knows the meaning of "Pick it up," and "Close the door," although he cannot yet talk plainly. However, I am sure we do not realize at how early an age a child notices and copies, or at just what age habits of neatness and order begin.

I can honestly say that my older boy, Charles, is a real help to me. The first thing I ever taught him was to pick up and straighten shoes, side by side, "to make the house look pretty." He did that when he was very young, and his brother Don tries to do it now, although often with unsuccessful results, which Charles corrects. Then, like every other baby, he played in the coal pail and threw his toys about. When he was through playing he had to pick up the playthings (if the task was too tiresome I helped, but he never got out of it entirely), and when he got into the coal pail he had to pick up the coal. Don does that now, too, and his sharp eyes seem to see every piece almost at once.

My two boys are my "kitchen police."

When I am working in the kitchen the calls are somewhat like this: "Please get me five potatoes from the bin" (this gives unconscious training in counting, too, even when the little hands bring the vegetables one by one), "Give me the egg beater," "Open the fireless cooker," "Take out the rolling pin," "Let mamma have the largest pudding pan," and so forth. Charles can also lay out many of the things for setting the table, and put them away. I do not exaggerate at all when I say that he knows the place of almost every article in common use about the house.

You may think that that sort of training takes a great deal of time and attention. It does not, and it is so gradual that the children do not see any training in it or even work. They will get to know where things belong simply by getting them out and putting them away. But you must keep your things in the same place, and have your house orderly and straight or the children will become confused. The more systematic you are the better will your youthful learners learn.

When I do the dishes, Charles puts away the kettles, pans, cutlery (except sharp knives) and odd utensils like apple corers, cake turners and can openers. If, like most women, you keep some of your things where it is necessary to bend over; a small "policeman" will save your back many times a day, especially as the low shelves are of just the right height for children.

I am also beginning to send Charles to the grocery store. He is too young to cross streets alone, but we have a store in the same block. When I am in need of one or two small things, I write my wants on a piece of paper, wrap the money in the paper, and also tell the child what to buy. That gives him the responsibility of making the purchase, and the paper helps the grocer in case the child forgets. He is really never happier than when performing those little duties, and that leads me to believe that my little game is normal and worth while. Children love to handle things, to be busy, and when they are busy in the kitchen you know they are not in mischief. A child likes to feel that he is helping, that he is a useful member of the household, and not just a little nuisance, as he is sometimes made to feel.

I Will Prove To You That You Can Make



\$100 a Week

Yes, you can make \$100 a week. You can make \$5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made \$750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made \$80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this offer is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from \$30 to \$100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made \$6 in 1 1/2 hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared \$8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made \$24 in 4 1/2 hours. All without experience or training and you can do as well, or better.

Amazing Profits For Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and

laundry necessities—over 250 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores. We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a Representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy. Our products are nationally advertised and well known in every locality. We have been in business for 16 years and have resources of more than a million dollars. The local man or woman who becomes our Representative is given complete instructions, full equipment and everything necessary for success.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. You won't believe how easy it is nor what wonderful profits you can make until you get started and the money begins to roll in.

We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay. You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kerns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts; and dozens of others. It has enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm and G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you

all the details. I will show you how you can make \$100 a week and even in your spare time \$8 to \$10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. It is the one opportunity that you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. It means thousands of dollars to you. And you are not risking a penny. You are not agreeing to pay anything or do anything.

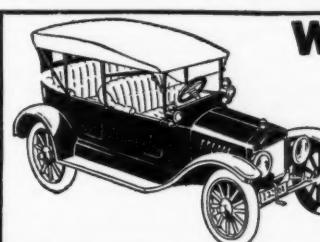
So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
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Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, President,
The American Products Co.,
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Please send me, without one cent of cost
and without any obligation, complete de-
tails of your new plan by means of which
I can make from \$50 to \$100 a week.

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Address
(Write plainly)



We Furnish An Automobile

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from \$10 to \$30 a day in cash.



SOFT-BALL TEAM GAMES

SOFT-BALL games, as well as such familiar organized sports as hockey and tennis, should have their place in a girl's athletic life. The games here described can be played anywhere—on a large field, in a back yard, in a gymnasium or in a hall. They require almost no expensive equipment. Moreover, they can be played by everyone, from little sister to father and mother. It is the custom in England, especially in the country houses, for the entire family to play games together; and, as the English say, what could be "jollier"?

LONG BALL

This game is a second cousin to baseball, but will be enjoyed for its own sake.

Field. The ground used can be of any size, but preferably should be more than fifty feet long. There are two bases: the home base and the long base.

Equipment. Use a ball (preferably a large indoor baseball, which is softer than an ordinary baseball) and a baseball bat. If a volley ball or a basketball is substituted, hit it with the hand or fist instead of with a bat.

Teams. There are two teams, A and B, which take turns at the bat and in the field, as in baseball.

Rules. The pitcher stands between home base and long base and is expected to pitch a good ball—one that goes over the home plate, and that is above the batter's knee and below her shoulders. The batter swings at the ball until she succeeds in hitting it. When she does hit it no matter how far it goes or in what direction (there are no fouls) she drops her bat and runs to long base. If a fielder catches the ball before it hits the ground or touches the runner before she reaches long base or hits her with a ball thrown at her or gets the ball to another fielder on long base before the runner reaches it, she is out. If she is not put out, she can stay at long base until she sees a chance to get home. Any number of batters may be on long base at once, and when there is a good chance of getting in all may run home together. Each one who reaches home scores one run. Three outs put a side out, and the team in the field goes to bat. The game usually consists of five innings.

BAT BALL

Bat ball is a game of German origin, adapted from the game of *Schlag ball*.

Equipment. A basketball, a volley ball or a soccer ball and a post, a chair, a stone, or a stake driven into the ground.

Field. The field may be of any size. Mark off a neutral strip from five to fifteen feet wide at one end of the field; the size should vary according to the skill of the players.

Teams. There are two teams, numbering from five to twenty on a side.

Object. The batter is expected to hit the ball over the neutral line into the enemy's territory and to run round the post and back over the line without being hit by the ball. To do it constitutes one run.

Game. Team B is in the field, team A at bat. Each team is numbered off, in batting order. No. 1 on team A comes to the batting line, tosses the ball up in the air and bats it with her open palm. If it falls in the neutral territory, the player is out. If it goes over the neutral line, the ball is in play and the runner starts down the field.

When the batter hits the ball the fielders of the opposing team get it as quickly as they can and try to put the runner out by throwing it and hitting her with it; but the fielder who has the ball must not walk with it in her hands or take any steps to get nearer the runner. The runner can dodge from one side of the field to the other to avoid being hit. If the runner is so far away that the fielder thinks she cannot hit her by throwing the ball, she throws the ball to a fielder who is nearer the runner or to a fielder toward whom she is running. Sometimes the ball will be passed back and forth among several of the fielders before it gets near enough to the runner to make it safe to throw it at her.

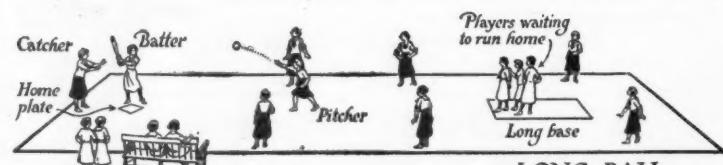
The runner must completely circle the post; she may not start round it and then decide to go back the way she came. It is, however, allowable for her to run up on either side of the field and back on the same side, so long as she circles the post.

Summary of Rules. The runner is out:

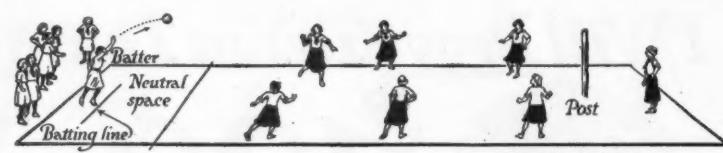
1. If she bats the ball into neutral territory.
2. If she is hit by the ball while in enemy territory, unless the fielder makes a foul.
3. If the ball is caught before it touches the ground.
4. If the player steps over the line in batting. (This may be called a foul and another trial given.)

A run is made:

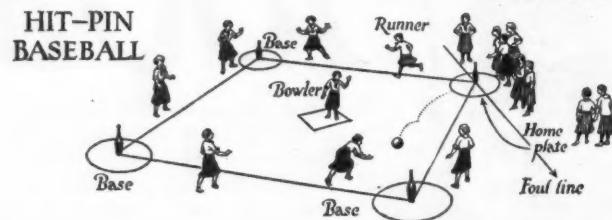
1. When a batter hits the ball into the enemy's field and gets home without being hit.
2. When a fielder makes a foul. In this case a run is scored whether the runner is hit by the



LONG BALL



BAT BALL



HIT-PIN BASEBALL

Field. Mark out a diamond on the floor and at each corner draw a circle with a three-foot radius. At the home-plate corner draw a straight line perpendicular to a line from home base to second base. That is the foul line. At the centre of the field is the bowler's box.

Equipment. A soccer ball and four Indian clubs, one in the centre of the circle at each base.

Players. The players are divided into two teams, the members of which may hold the same positions in the field throughout the game or may be changed, according to the judgment of the captain.

Rules:

A. **Runners.** The players take their turn in the order of the numbers assigned by the captain. Standing at the home plate in front of the pin, a player kicks the ball that is bowled to her anywhere in front of the foul line and runs the bases. She can continue until the fielders succeed in knocking down with the ball the pin on the base toward which she is running. She scores as many points as there are pins left standing behind her. Unless she makes a home run, which gives her a score of four points, she is necessarily put out. When five runners are out the teams change places. A player is out if she kicks at the ball and misses it three times; if she knocks down any of the pins; if a fielder knocks down a pin in front of her; if a fielder catches the ball before it comes in contact with an obstacle after being kicked by the runner, or if the bowler gets the ball past the runner and knocks down the pin on the home plate.

B. **Fielders.** A fielder may advance with the ball not more than one step. She must be outside the circle round each pin before she can throw the ball at the pin. If she violates this rule, or fails to hit the pin, the runner can continue round the field until the ball is recovered and she is put out at another base.

Θ Θ

A RING PARTY

RINGS can be made the appropriate motif of a party given in honor of a girl friend's engagement. Write the invitations on pretty paper cut out to represent rings. Give the guests as souvenirs little tin rings bearing the names or initials of the engaged couple. Gifts to the guest of honor should be articles such as cookie cutters, moulds, napkin rings or embroidery hoops. Decorate the house with wreaths and serve refreshments, if possible, in the form of rings. Any number of things will suggest themselves to the hostess: salads made of cucumber or tomato rings; beet pickles and French fried potatoes cut in rings; cups made of mashed potatoes or cooked carrots and filled

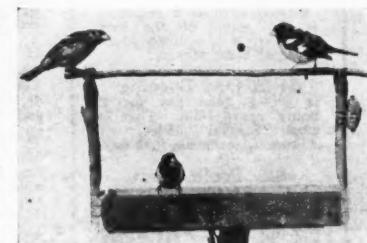
with creamed peas seasoned and all browned in the oven; macaroni ringlets or noodles served in various dishes; sandwiches cut ring-shape or rings of sliced meats; doughnuts; and ice cream in ring moulds.

A FOOD BOX FOR BIRDS

SOMETHING new in food boxes for birds" might be the title of the accompanying illustration, for it is especially devised to reveal the individualities of the birds by bringing them into contact with one another at the feeding place.

To build it first make a shallow box about two feet long and eight inches wide. Nail a crooked stick upright at each end of one of the long sides; then lay a crosspiece in the crotches, extending about four inches beyond them at either end. Tack the crosspiece to the standards with slender brads to make it firm.

The situation of the perch helps to keep the food clean and gives the waiting birds courage to come to the box before the one at the table is done eating. The downy woodpecker, for example, will alight on one of the standards while the white-breasted nuthatch is feeding at the other end of the box; the chickadee will light on the perch while the robin is eating cheese rind below her; or the grosbeaks in the mating season will come by twos and threes for their favorite sunflower seeds. The food box thus becomes a place of unending interest, for you can



Three rose-breasted grosbeaks at the food box

study the characteristics of different species and of different birds of the same species; and you can see examples of their shrewdness in outwitting one another and many a harmless passage at arms.

ANIMATED CARTOONS

WITH a soft lead pencil and a notebook you can produce in two or three minutes a remarkable representation of lifelike motion.

Open the notebook somewhere near the front and sketch at the foot of the right-hand page (say page 21) a figure in a running position. On page 23 you will find a faint impression caused by the pressure of the pencil. Just to the right of the faint replica draw another figure representing the relative position of body and limbs that would appear in a figure that had run a little farther across the page than the first figure. A faint impression of the second figure will be found on page 25. Sketch to the right of

it a third figure with the body and limbs of a runner. Continue until you have drawn perhaps twenty successive positions that represent a movement of two or three inches across the page. Now pick up the book and, starting at page 21, flip the leaves in succession from under the thumb of the right hand so that you expose the figures successively for only an instant. The result is a striking representation of life-like motion.

There is no limit of course to the variety of "films" that you can thus produce, and you can make the pictures on the margins of any discarded catalogue or book. Running, jumping, diving and boxing are four exercises that are easy to show. It is not hard to devise ingenious comedy films, and it is sometimes amusing to run the film backward.

Θ Θ

THE DANGER IN INK

A WISE woman once removed the label "Poison" from an empty bottle and pasted it on the family ink bottle.

"Why, mother, ink isn't poisonous, and besides no one ever thinks of drinking it."

"I know; but, if the label leads us to give a second thought to what we write, it will serve its purpose. Ink, my dear, has often proved to be a deadly poison to the affection of relatives, to friendship, to love. It will kill every affectional impulse if used indiscriminately."

If it were possible to gather statistics on such an intimate subject, it would be found that seventy-five per cent of the letters in the postman's bag are uninteresting, stupid, unnecessary, and are read only once by those who receive them. The letters of sweethearts and those of children to their mother do not come into that class; but even they are not above criticism, for the sweethearts write too many, and the children too few.

When you are away from home what kind of letter pleases you most?

Here is one received by a woman many miles from her kinsfolk and set aside as the one letter received in six months that did the most to make her heart glad:

Dearest Big Sister, We miss you very much. This morning I wore my blue and white gingham to school, and the teacher admired it. We had waffles for breakfast. Mrs. Sparks's tiger lilies are in bloom. Oh, what do you think? You could never guess. Minnie's gray cat has six kittens, and Minnie's mother says I can have every one of them. Won't that be just grand? Last night when we had lemon pie Father said you ought to be here because it is your favorite kind. He has a new hat. Mother is in the dining room mending a hole Uncle Jim burned in the table cloth with his cigar. Mother didn't say anything. I guess she wasn't glad about it. Auntie Green comes to wash tomorrow. Mother says I can put my doll clothes in. The new family across the street has a girl my age, and a baby. Mother says maybe they will let me take turns in wheeling the baby. The baby buggy is light blue. I think I shall be busy with my kittens. I haven't told mother about them yet. She seems too upset about the table cloth. It was her best. The one with a poppy pattern. I have on my blue hair ribbon. Father says I look like a butterfly. The kitten's eyes are shut. With love and a big kiss.—Alice.

There were letters from other members of the family. An older sister told of a party to which she had not been invited and the letter was in the nature of a wail; mother's letter, though dear, was devoted to suggestions to the recipient for safeguarding her health. Father's letter was a homily on the need of saving her money; brother wrote three lines, two of them about a new baseball mitt. Only one letter contained the news that her homesick heart longed for, and that was written by a child of ten! Guileless, sincere, loving, newsy, it was an ideal letter.

"I laughed over it, and I cried over it. I read it when I was depressed, and I read it when I was happy, because of the steady influence it had on me. I really felt that I could not do anything that was not generous and kind, because of the influence of that letter. It visualized home."

In writing a letter put yourself in the position of the person who will read it. If you are writing to one who is resentful or quick-tempered, avoid jokes; never make comparisons; leave out all criticism of the recipient or of others who are common acquaintances. Never write, "Burn this." It is a long way to the furnace down stairs. Never write, "Don't show this to So-and-So." If you must give a confidence, don't label it as "secret," "private" or "personal." Slip it in casually, as you would slip in a comment on the weather.

Never write your troubles; the reader may have greater ones. Do not mention your ill health; it may cause needless anxiety, and you may be better when the letter is received. Never write a criticism. You might say the same thing with a disarming smile, but the smile doesn't appear in the ink. If you have won a great success, only mention it when you write to your mother. If you have failed, say nothing about it. Never seek praise or sympathy through the mails—or in any other way.

Don't write too many letters. If the recipient —unless it be your mother—is able-bodied and

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—For
Pompadours

Boys, comb your hair pompadour, or any style you want it. STACOMB makes the hair stay combed just as you comb it. Straight back, in the middle, on the side—any way. *Comb it and it stays—and shiny, too!*

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Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

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Please send me trial tube.

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Address _____

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Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



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No Need to Pay Extra for Cream!



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You'll find it a convenience and money saver you'll wish you had never thought of.

substantial metal construction—beautifully finished—packed complete with full directions for use and cleaning.

Sent postpaid for \$1.50 or C. O. D. for \$1.50 plus a few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Rawcliffe Mfg. Co., Dept. 5
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Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE

has had a good education and fails to answer your first letter and your second letter, take a lesson in pride and do not write a third. If your letters are welcome, they will bring replies.

When you fail to receive a letter don't blame the postman. The United States government is not interested in keeping your mail from you. When you read a letter that hurts put it away until you are in a more philosophical frame of mind. Never go near the ink bottle when you are angry.

Don't make excuses for not having written before. There are few reasons for procrastination that ring true. Devote no space in your letter to disappointment because the recipient waits so long to reply. Perhaps there is a reason you do not guess.

Answer promptly the letters from your father or mother and those of a business nature. Do not glory in the number of your correspondents; limit the list to those you sincerely like, and who you know sincerely like you. To reckon your popularity by numbers is a childish thing. Remember that old friends are more interested in the little intimate affairs of your life than new friends are. If a married brother does not write, do not blame his wife. When a man marries he sometimes shifts the duty of writing to his relatives to his wife's shoulders. She may not want to take his place in a matter like this, but she learns that unless she writes to his family they will never hear. Respect her for her attempt to make up for his omission.

There is the paper; a clean sheet of paper. There is the pen. There is the ink. And there also should be the label on the bottle in red and white—"Poison." For ink is poison unless you write in a spirit of helpfulness and understanding.

Θ Θ

THE TRIANGLE GAME

RAW a square and subdivide it into sixteen squares according to the figure. The object of the game is to make as many triangles as possible.

Each of the two players must take his turn in marking a diagonal in one of the sixteen squares. It makes no difference in what direction he draws the diagonal—from the upper right-hand to the lower left-hand or from the upper left-hand to the lower right-hand corners. He must, however, use a vacant square each time. Thus only sixteen diagonals, eight for each player, can be drawn, one for each of the sixteen squares. There are, however, thirty-

two possible ways of drawing the oblique lines.

In the accompanying diagram the players have already taken three turns apiece, or six in all. It is now the turn of the first player to draw the seventh diagonal. Should he draw it from A to B in the vacant square ACBD, he will create triangles ABC, ABD, ABE, AFE, and AFH. Thus it is evident that the diagonal drawn must form a side, or part of a side, of every triangle that the player who draws the oblique line claims for that turn.

If through an oversight one of the contestants should fail to claim a triangle after he has announced that he is through with his count, his opponent may add it to his own score by immediately pointing out the omission: but neither player may claim a triangle after a succeeding diagonal has been drawn. When all sixteen diagonals have been marked on the diagram the contestant with the greater number of triangles to his credit—of which a careful count should be made after each turn—wins the game.

Θ Θ

A MARCH-HARE PARTY

WHO does not remember that most famous of all tea parties at which Alice in Wonderland "poured" for the Mad March Hare, the Dormouse and the Hatter? You can entertain your friends in the windy month with a March-Hare party. As invitations use cards shaped like high silk hats with one or the other of the following verses on them:

The March Hare with me
Invites you to be
A guest at my house for a
Wee cup of tea.

The March Hare, the Dormouse,
The Hatter with me
Do hope you will join us
On Wednesday for tea.

Jane Doe

March 7, 1924.

So far as possible throw the rooms, which should be decorated with pussy-willows, into a state of confusion—chairs upside down, pictures awry and furniture misplaced. Provide the guests with paper hats; the Hatter, you know, always wore his hat.

Ask the guests to draw a Mad March Hare with colored crayons and give a woolly or a chocolate rabbit to the person whose work is pronounced best. Old-fashioned games are

well suited to a party of this kind: Going to Jerusalem, Stage Coach, Drop the Handkerchief, Puss in the Corner and Who's Got the Button. You can arrange charades, conundrums and recitations based on the names and incidents in Alice in Wonderland.

The "tea" can be any beverage served in tea cups and poured from a teapot. Welsh rabbit, ginger ale, sandwiches, cookies and ginger cakes cut in the form of a hare or of a silk hat make a good menu. Use daffodils for the table decoration and carry out the yellow color scheme in all the rooms. Narrow yellow ribbons should lead from the centerpiece to each place; a card with a conundrum on it may be attached to the end of each ribbon and held down with a chocolate rabbit. The chocolate rabbits form the bonbon course; while the guests are eating them the conundrums may be read.

Between courses, as in the story, have the guests change places at the table, carrying their water glasses and napkins with them. Place cards may be paper rabbits or other Wonderland figures painted in water colors, or the name of each guest may be written on a tiny looking-glass. When the last course is reached give each guest a certain number of beans or small candies to serve as money. Then have some one auction off a pile of packages, wrapped so as to be very different in appearance and bearing mysterious titles. A package marked "the most important part of a dog" contains a piece of bark. "The light of other days" is some burnt matches. "A taste of the sea" is a lump of salt. Let no one open a package until all the packages have been disposed of.

Θ Θ

Preparing for Class Day

An article on the Class Prophecy is in the Girls' Page for March

Θ Θ

THE COSTUME DESIGNER

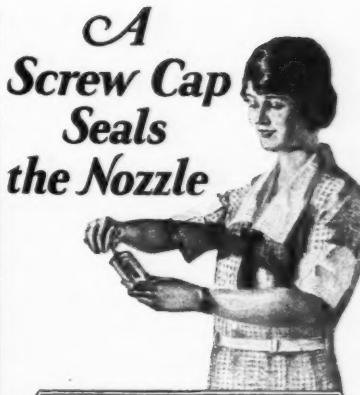
SOME admirable suggestions for the use of the amateur dramatic producer and property man were published in the Family Page for January under the title of Collecting Costumes. Here is another assault upon the same problem, made from a slightly different angle, which offers also a practical idea for earning pin money.

Costumes for plays are often such a puzzle to the amateur actor that a girl with a little artistic ability can use her talents to good advantage in helping him.

A contributor writes that she makes from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month during the school season by studying the different parts to be taken in a play and sketching a suitable, clever costume for each part. She draws not only the dress or costume but the hats, shoes, slippers and other accessories that are in keeping with the period of the play. The designs are drawn on white cardboards, a foot square, and sell for two dollars a card. They are made so clearly that the mother or a seamstress can construct the garments from the design.

The girl works out her own ideas when the play is fanciful or modern; if the play is historical, she consults histories and sketch books until she is familiar with the style of costume that the occasion requires.

In the six months that the dramatic season covers she makes from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and ten dollars. With that sum, which requires only a few hours' pleasant work a week, she pays for art lessons and for some of her clothes and incidentals. The cost of material—cardboard and ink or water colors—does not exceed ten or fifteen dollars a year.



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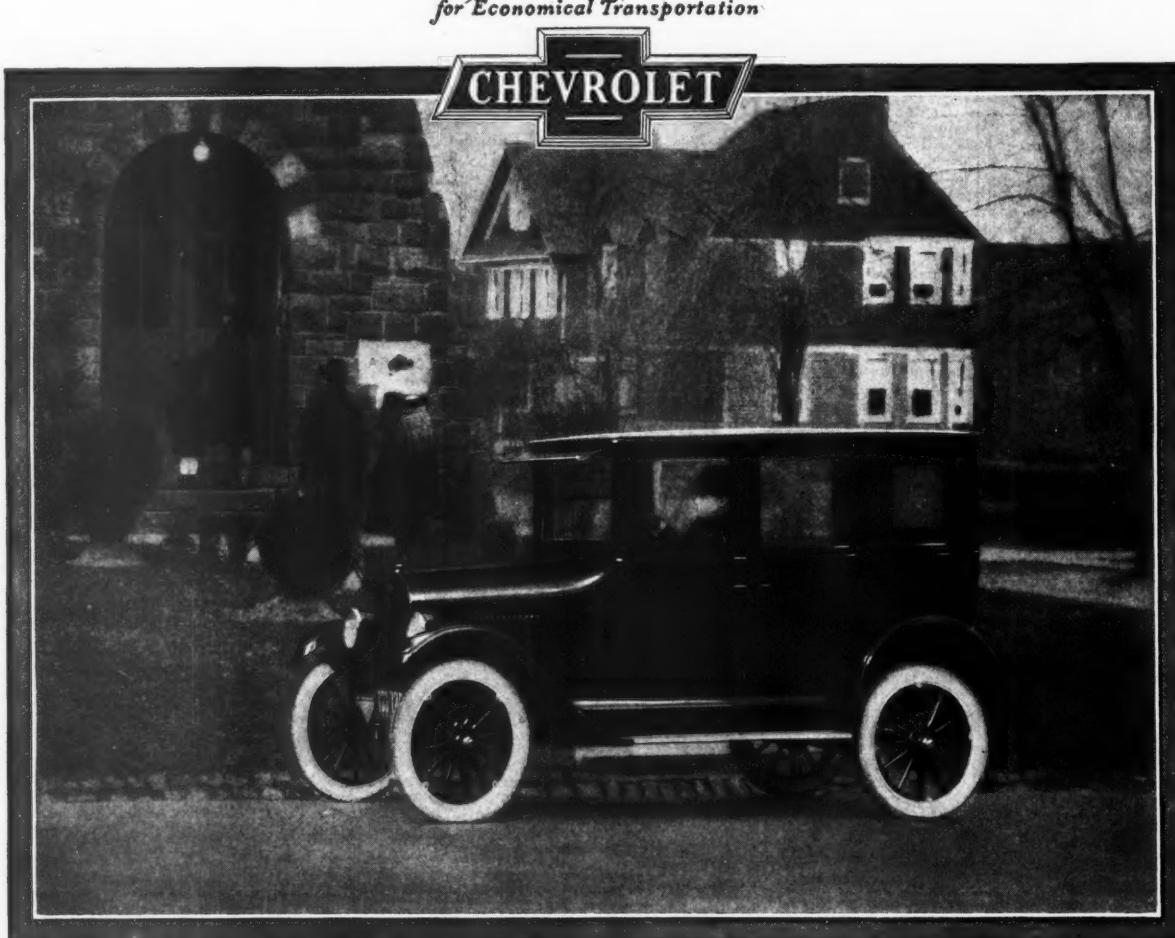
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